

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



THIS BOOK IS ONE OF A
COLLECTION MADE BY
BENNO LOEWY

MARY HOWITT.

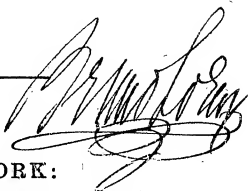


CHILDHOOD.

POETRY
OF
THE SENTIMENTS.

EDITED BY

R. W. GRISWOLD.



NEW YORK:
LEAVITT & ALLEN BROS.,
No. 3 HOWARD STREET.

P R E F A C E .

This volume is based on one with the same title published in England, in 1841, which the Editor has revised, and perhaps improved. The Sentiments have been called younger sisters of the Passions, differing from them only in intensity; but Dr. WEBSTER says they are only the thoughts prompted by feeling, perfectly distinct from feeling itself. Whatever may be the true definition of the word, the expressions of admiration, adoration, content, courage, friendship, gratitude, honour, liberty, mercy, patriotism, and superstition, in this volume, constitute an agreeable poetical miscellany, which may be read with as much advantage as if there had been never a diversity of opinion as to the meaning of the title ~~under~~ which they are now published.

CONTENTS.

ADMIRATION.

The ocean,	11
The Ursa Major,	1
The ship,	19
The blood horse,	22
Miranda,	23
Hermione,	24
The spirit of poetry,	25
A forest walk,	27
The sea in calm,	30
To a sky-lark,	31
To Venus,	35
The Parthenon,	39
A health,	44
To a highland girl,	46
The city of Jerusalem,	49
To a sleeping child,	50
Coliseum,	53
St. Leonard's,	55
Sunset near Venice,	60
Tranquillity of nature,	62
The Apollo Belvidere,	63
Green River,	64
To Seneca Lake,	66
To Mont Blanc,	68
Address to a wild deer,	72
An Italian summer evening,	75
Florizel's praise of Perdita,	76
Niagara,	77
How beautiful is earth,	79
Cathedral hymn,	80
A lover's admiration,	82

ADORATION.

God's first temples,	85
All are thine,	90
The country life,	92
Hymn to contentment,	95
Hymn before sunrise in the valley of Chamouni, ..	98
An orison of Eden,	101
The love of God,	103
Hymn of the seasons,	105
On seeing Windsor castle,	109
A matin,	110
Abel's sacrificial address,	112
Hymn of the daughters of Jerusalem,	113
Hymn of nature,	117
Oh, Thou, before whose radiant shrine,	119
The prayer of nature,	121
Morning hymn,	123

CONTENT.

My mind to me a kingdom is,	127
The quiet mind,	130
Summer in the heart,	133
Ambition,	134
Contentment,	135
Happiness of the shepherd's life,	136
The richest jewel,	137
Halbert,	138
Rural content,	139
Uses of adversity,	141
Reflections,	142
Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,	145
A mingled sentiment,	146
Content is happiness,	150
Retirement,	151
Rural content,	154
Of myself,	155
Inscription in a hermitage,	157
The fireside,	158
A farewell to the vanities of the world,	162
Sonnet,	164
A bachelor's retreat,	165

CONTENTS.

VM

Sonnet,	169
A wish,	170

COURAGE.

Courage,	173
Redmond in Rokeby hall,	175
Ardent courage,	176
Hotspur's impatience for battle,	177
Fitz-James in the pass of the Trosachs,	178
Death feared because unknown,	181
Courage in prospect of death,	182
Courage in extremity,	183
Basil's address to his mutinous troops,	184
Harold the Dauntless,	185
If thou hast lost a friend,	186

FRIENDSHIP.

The friendship flower,	189
On friendship,	191
The kind old friendly feelings,	199
The blessings of friendship,	200
Perfect friendship,	203
Past times,	204
An epistle to Charles Lamb,	205
Friendship till death,	208
We have been friends together,	209
Old friends,	210
Early friends,	211
To a friend,	212
Love and friendship,	215
Life's sunny spots,	216
Value of friendship,	216
L'amitie est l'amour sans les ailes,	217
A reminiscence of early friendship,	221
The dying Giaour,	222
To Mrs. Agnes Baillie,	224
Recollections of friendship,	229
I go, sweet friends,	231

GRATITUDE.

A poet's gratitude,	235
-------------------------------	-----

Zamor,	236
I thank thee, God ! for weal and woe,	237
To Sara,	239
A mother's gratitude,	241
Build up a column to Bolivar,	242
A monarch's gratitude,	243
To Charles Lloyd,	244
Conrade's refusal to assassinate Seyd,	245
Gulnare and Conrade,	246

HONOUR.

Honour its own reward,	251
The pride of honour,	252
Honour unaffected by slander,	253
Highland honour,	254
Honour coveted,	256
Wounded honour	257

LIBERTY.

The vision of liberty,	261
To Liberty,	262
Restraint no where endurable,	266
Effects of freedom,	267
To freedom,	269
The hunter of the prairies,	270
Sonnet,	272
The peasant,	273
Liberty,	276
Life without freedom,	276
Liberty preferred before patriotism,	277
The free,	278
Highland liberty defended,	280
Liberty	280

MERCY.

Ode to mercy,	235
Henry VI. on his lenity,	286
Titus' address to the Jews,	287
Kingly clemency	288
Hubert and Arthur,	289

CONTENTS.

ix

Clemency, superior to revenge,.....	296
A soldier's pardon,.....	297

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism and freedom,.....	295
To England,.....	296
Hofer,.....	297
The green hills of my father-land,.....	299
Douglas to the populace of Stirling,.....	302
Our country,.....	303
A young patriot,.....	304
New England,.....	305
This is my own, my native land,.....	307

SUPERSTITION.

Ode to superstition,.....	311
Bertha's belief in the powers of darkness,.....	318
Brian's prophecy,.....	319
Midnight imaginings,.....	329

Poetry of the Sentiments.

ADMIRATION.

THE OCEAN.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

Now stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters
made
To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade,
To rise, and wet the mountains near the sun,
Then back into themselves in rivers run,
Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,
Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean-tide.
Ho! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
And flings to break his strong and viewless chains;
Foams in his wrath; and at his prison doors,
Hark! hear him! how he beats, and tugs, and
roars,
As if he would break forth again and sweep
Each living thing within his lowest deep.

Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break ;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think ; then rests, and then puts forth again.

Thou hold'st me by a spell ; and on thy beach
I feel all soul ; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date. And, O ! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou'st roll'd.

Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn.
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn ;
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well ! The dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing
land ;

And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is throng'd again, O sea !
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
Share thy own spirit : it is sadness all.
How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
Yonder tall cliff—he with the iron crown.
And see ! those sable pines along the steep,
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep !
Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

TO THE URSA MAJOR.

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

With what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle ! going forth
Its princely way among the stars in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail !
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
Walk, like some stout and girded giant ; stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave ;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch ; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fix'd light of the universe,
And bid the north for ever know its place.

Ages have witness'd thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through
heaven,
And echo'd from the outer spheres that bound

The illimitable universe, thy voice
Join'd the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise,
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendours that enrich his firmament.
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.
Ages have roll'd their course, and time grown
gray ;
The earth has gather'd to her womb again,
And yet again, the myriads that were born
Of her uncounted, unremember'd tribes.
The seas have changed their beds; the eternal
hills
Have stoop'd with age; the solid continents
Have left their banks; and man's imperial works—
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had
flung
Their haughty honours in the face of heaven,
As if immortal—have been swept away :
Shatter'd and mouldering, buried and forgot.
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
Nor touch'd the firmness of thy tread; youth,
strength,
And beauty still are thine; as clear, as bright,
As when the almighty Former sent thee forth,
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
The eternal chorus of eternal Love.
I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,

Undimm'd, unquench'd—just as I see it now—
Has issued from those dazzling points through
years

That go back far into eternity.

Exhaustless flood ! for ever spent, renew'd

For ever ! Yea, and those refulgent drops,

Which now descend upon my lifted eye,

Left their far fountain twice three years ago.

While those wing'd particles, whose speed out-
strips

The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth

Compass'd its tedious circuit round and round,

And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld

Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.

So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve !

So vast the void through which their beams de-
scend !

Yes, glorious lamp of God ! He may have
quench'd

Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night

Rest on your spheres ; and yet no tidings reach

This distant planet. Messengers still come

Laden with your far fire, and we may seem

To see your lights still burning ; while their blaze

But hides the black wreck of extinguish'd realms,

Where anarchy and darkness long have reign'd.

Yet what is this, which to the astonish'd mind

Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought

Confounds ? A span, a point, in those domains

Which the kern eye can traverse. Seven stars

Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
Embraces all at once ; yet each from each
Recedes as far as each of them from earth.
And every star from every other burns
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,
Untravell'd even in thought, keen, piercing rays
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
Systems and worlds unnumber'd. Take the glass
And search the skies. The opening skies pour
down

Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire ;
Stars, crowded, throng'd, in regions so remote,
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that
be—

Have travell'd centuries on their flight to earth.
Earth, sun, and nearer constellations ! what
Are ye amid this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works !

And these are suns ! vast central, living fires,
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder ! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless
worlds !

Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,
What tongue can utter all their multitudes !
Thus numberless in numberless abodes !

Known but to thee, blessed Father ! Thine ~~they~~
are,
Thy children, and thy care ; and none o'erlook'd
Of thee ! No, not the humblest soul that dwells
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its
course

Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
Amongst the mirror'd lamps, which fling
Their wasteful splendour from the palace wall,
None, none escape the kindness of thy care,
All compass'd underneath thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs ! as from your
throne

Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway, what beings fill those bright abodes ?
How form'd, how gifted ? what their powers,
their state,

Their happiness, their wisdom ? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature ? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds ? Does Innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloom ?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sow'd corruption in those fairy bowers ?
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire ?
And Slavery forged his chains ; and Wrath, and
Hate,

And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust

Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,

And scatter wo where Heaven had planted joy ?
Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen
And uncorrupt ? existence one long joy,
Without disease upon the frame, or sin
Upon the heart, or weariness of life ;
Hope never quench'd, and age unknown,
And death unfear'd ; while fresh and fadeless youth

Glow in the light from God's near throne of love ?

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair !
Speak, speak ! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold ! No language ? Everlasting light
And everlasting silence ? Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know,
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
Ineffable, unchangeable ; and man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more. In other days,
When death shall give the encumber'd spirit wings,

Its range shall be extended ; it shall roam,
Perchance, among those vast, mysterious spheres,
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each,
Familiar with its children ; learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss

And beauty, by the hand of Power divine
Lavish'd on all its works. Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight ;
No pause of pleasure or improvement ; world
On world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories. While the soul
Advancing ever to the Source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

THE SHIP.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

With graceful waist and carvings brave,
The trim hull waits the sea—
And she proudly stoops to the crested wave,
While round go the cheerings three.
Her prow swells up from the yeasty deep,
Where it plunged in foam and spray :
And the glad waves, gathering round her, sweep
And buoy her in their play.

Thou wert nobly rear'd, O heart of oak !
In the sound of the ocean roar,
Where the surging wave o'er the rough rock
broke,
And bellow'd along the shore—

And how wilt thou in the storm rejoice,
With the wind through spar and shroud,
To hear a sound like the forest voice.
When the blast was raging loud !

With snow-white sail, and streamer gay,
She sits like an ocean-sprite,
Careering on in her trackless way,
In sunshine or dark midnight :
Her course is laid with fearless skill,
For brave hearts man the helm ;
And the joyous winds her canvass fill—
Shall the wave the stout ship whelm ?

On, on she goes, where the icebergs roll,
Like floating cities by ;
Where meteors flash by the northern pole,
And the merry dancers fly ;
Where the glittering light is backward flung
From icy tower and dome,
And the frozen shrouds are gayly hung
With gems from the ocean foam.

On the Indian sea was her shadow cast,
As it lay, like molten gold,
And her pendant, shroud, and towering mast,
Seem'd twice on the waters told.
The idle canvass slowly swung
As the spicy breeze went by,
And strange, rare music round her rung
From the palm-tree growing nigh.

O, gallant ship, thou didst bear with thee
The gay and the breaking heart,
And weeping eyes look'd out to see
Thy white-spread sails depart.
And when the rattling casement told
Of many a perill'd ship,
The anxious wife her babes would fold,
And pray with trembling lip.

The petrel wheel'd in its stormy flight
The wind piped shrill and high ;
On the topmast sat a pale blue light,
That flicker'd not to the eye :
The black cloud came, like a banner, down,
And down came the shrieking blast ;
The quivering ship on her beams is thrown,
And gone are helm and mast.

Helmless, but on before the gale,
She ploughs the deep-trough'd wave :
A gurgling sound—a frenzied wail—
And the ship hath found a grave.
And thus is the fate of the acorn told,
That fell from the old oak tree,
And the woodland Fays in the frosty mould
Preserved for its destiny.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

GAMARA is a dainty steed,
 Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
 Full of fire, and full of bone,
 With all his line of fathers known,
 Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
 But blown abroad by the pride within !
 His mane is like a river flowing,
 And his eyes like embers glowing
 In the darkness of the night,
 And his pace as swift as light.

Look ! how 'round his straining throat
 Grace and shifting beauty float !
 Sinewy strength is on his reins,
 And the red blood gallops through his veins—
 Richer, redder, never ran
 Through the boasting heart of man
 He can trace his lineage higher
 Than the Bourbons dare aspire—
 Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
 Or O'Brien's blood itself !

He, who hath no peer, was born
 Here, upon a red March morn :
 But his famous fathers, dead,
 Were Arabs all, and Arab bred :

And the last of that great line
Trode like one of a race divine !
And yet—he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green :
With *him*, a roving Bedouin,
He lived—(none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day)—
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amid the desert stands !



MIRANDA.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

ADMIRING Miranda !

Indeed the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard ; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues
Have I liked several women ; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

HERMIONE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THOU hast beauty bright and fair,
Manner noble, aspect free,
Eyes that are untouched by care :
What then do we ask from thee ?
Hermione, Hermione ?

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song !
What then can we still desire ?
Hermione, Hermione ?

Something thou dost want, O queen !
(As the gold doth ask alloy),
Tears, amid thy laughter seen,
Pity, mingling with thy joy.
*This is all we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione !*

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

FOR Fame life's meaner records vainly strive,
While, in fresh beauty, thy high dreams survive,
Still Vesta's temple throws its classic shade
O'er the bright foam of Tivoli's cascade,
And to one Venus still we bow the knee,
Divine as if just issued from the sea ;
In fancy's trance, yet deem on nights serene,
We hear the revels of the fairy queen,
That Dian's smile illumines the marble fane,
And Ceres whispers in the rustling grain,
That Ariel's music has not died away,
And in his shell still floats the culprit Fay.
The sacred beings of poetic birth
Immortal live to consecrate the earth.
San Marco's pavement boasts no Doge's tread,
And all its ancient pageantry has fled ;
Yet as we muse beneath some dim arcade,
The mind's true kindred glide from ruin's shade ;
In every passing eye that sternly beams,
We start to meet the Shylock of our dreams ;
Each maiden form, where virgin grace is seen,
Crosses our path with Portia's noble mien,

While Desdemona, beauteous as of yore,
Yields us the smile that once entranced the
Moor.

How Scotland's vales are peopled to the heart
By her bold minstrels' necromantic art !
Along this fern moved Jeannie's patient feet,
Where hangs yon mist, rose Ellangowan's seat,
Here the sad bride first gave her love a tongue,
And there the chief's last shout of triumph
rung :

Beside each stream, down every glen they
throng,

The cherished offspring of creative song !
Long ere brave Nelson shook the Baltic shore,
The bard of Avon hallowed Elsinore :
Perchance when moored the fleet, awaiting day
To fix the battle's terrible array,
Some pensive hero, musing o'er the deep,
So soon to fold him in its dreamless sleep,
Heard the Dane's sad and self-communing tone
Blend with the water's melancholy moan,
Recalled, with prayer and awe-suspended breath
His wild and solemn questionings of death,
Or caught from land Ophelia's dying song,
Swept by the night-breeze plaintively along !

A FOREST WALK.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A LOVELY sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,
O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won,
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers ;
One of the paths all round that wind,
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind
In nature's lone recesses lose ;
The beech displays its marbled bark,
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scallop'd dome beside :
All weave on high a verdant roof,
That keeps the very sun aloof,
Making a twilight soft and green,
Within the column'd, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest-odours have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth ;
Where pine-cones dropp'd, leaves piled and
dead,
Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
A thick, elastic carpet spread ;

Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
Resolving into soil, is sunk ;
There, wrench'd but lately from its throne.
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots mass'd with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest tops are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light .
But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling, radiance darts
Down the dark stems, and breaks below ;
The mingled shadows off are roll'd,
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold :
Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green :
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss ;
The robin, brooding in her nest.
Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast ;
And, as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouch'd limb, and staring eyes
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted
With rich green grass, invites my tread .

Here showers the light in golden dots,
There sleeps the shade in ebon spots,
So blended, that the very air
Seems network as I enter there.
The partridge, whose deep-rolling drum
Afar has sounded on my ear,
Ceasing his beatings as I come,
Whirrs to the sheltering branches near;
The little milk-snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day;
And now, between the boughs, a space
Of the blue, laughing sky I trace :
On each side shrinks the bowery shade ;
Before me spreads an emerald glade ;
The sunshine steeps its grass and moss,
That couch my footsteps as I cross ;
Merrily hums the tawny bee,
The glittering humming-bird I see ;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect choir is loud in song :
A spot of light and life, it seems
A fairy haunt for fancy dreams.

Here stretch'd, the pleasant turf I press,
In luxury of idleness ;
Sun-streaks, and glancing-wings, and sky,
Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye ;
While murmuring grass, and waving trees,
Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze,

And water-tones that tinkle near,
Blend their sweet music to my ear ;
And by the changing shades alone
The passage of the hours is known.

THE SEA—IN CALM.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Look what immortal floods the sunset pours
Upon us!—Mark! how still (as though in
dreams

Bound) the once wild and terrible Ocean seems !
How silent are the winds ! No billow roars :
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores .

The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea, hath here no sound :
Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors !

What ! is the giant of the ocean dead,
Whose strength was all unmatched beneath
the sun ?

No ; he reposes ! Now his toils are done,
More quiet than the babbling brooks is he.
So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be :

TO A SKY-LARK.

BY SHELLEY.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds they flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heedeth not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul, in secret hour,
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it
 from the view :

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
 winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine ;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine,

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance
Of pain ?

With thy keen clear joyance,
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening
now.



TO VENUS.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

O, THOU, most lovely and most beautiful !
Whether thy doves now lovingly do lull
Thy bright eyes to soft slumbering upon
Some dreamy south wind : whether thou hast gone
Upon the heaven now, or if thou art
Within some floating cloud, and on its heart
Pourest rich-tinted joy ; whether thy wheels
Are touching on the sun-forsaken fields,
And brushing off the dew from bending grass,
Leaving the poor green blades to look—alas !

With dim eyes at the moon—(ah ! so dost thou
Full oft quench brightness !)—VENUS, whether
now

Thou passest o'er the sea, while each light wing
Of thy fair doves is wet, while sea-maids bring
Sweet odours for thee—(ah ! how foolish they !

They have not felt thy smart !)—

They know not, while in ocean-caves they play,
How strong thou art.

Where'er thou art, O VENUS ! hear our song—
Kind goddess, hear ! for unto thee belong
All pleasant offerings : bright doves coo to thee,
The while they twine their necks with quiet glee
Among the morning leaves : thine are all sounds
Of pleasure on the earth ; and where abounds
Most happiness, for thee we ever look ;
Among the leaves, in dimly-lighted nook,
Most often hidest thou, where winds may wave
Thy sunny curls, and cool airs fondly lave
Thy beaming brow, and ruffle the white wings
Of thy tired doves ; and where his love-song sings,
With lightsome eyes, some little, strange, sweet
bird,

With notes that never but by thee are heard—
O, in such scene, most bright, thou liest now

And, with half-open eye,

Drinkest in beauty—O, most fair, that thou
Wouldst hear our cry !

O, thou, through whom all things upon the earth
Grow brighter : thou for whom even laughing
mirth

Lengthens his note ; thou whom the joyous bird
Singeth continuously ; whose name is heard
In every pleasant sound : at whose warm glance
All things look brighter : for whom wine doth
dance

More merrily within the brimming vase,
To meet thy lip : thou, at whose quiet pace
Joy leaps on faster, with a louder laugh,
And Sorrow tosses to the sea his staff,
And pushes back the hair from his dim eyes,
To look again upon forgotten skies ;
While Avarice forgets to count his gold,
Yea, unto thee his wither'd hand doth hold,
Fill'd with that heart-blood : thou, to whose high
might

All things are made to bow,
Come thou to us, and turn thy looks of light
Upon us now !

O, hear, great goddess ! thou whom all obey ;
At whose desire rough satyrs leave their play,
And gather wild-flowers, decking the bright hair
Of her they love, and oft blackberries bear
To shame them at her eyes : O, thou ! to whom
They leap in awkward mood, within the gloom
Of darkening oak trees, or at lightsome noon
Sing unto thee, upon their pipes, a tune

Of wondrous languishment: thou whose great
power

Brings up the sea-maids from each ocean-bower,
With many an idle song, to sing to thee,
And bright locks flowing half above the sea,
And gleaming eyes, as if in distant caves
They spied their lovers—(so among the waves
Small bubbles flit, mocking the kindly sun,
With little, laughing brightness)—
O, come, and ere our festival be done,
Our new loves bless !

O, thou who once didst weep, and with sad tears
Bedew the pitying woods !—by those great fears
That haunted thee when thy beloved lay
With dark eyes drown'd in death—by that dull day
When poor ADONIS fell, with many a moan
Among the leaves, and sadly and alone
Breathed out his spirit—O, do thou look on
All maidens who, for too great love, grow wan,
And pity them : come to us when night brings
Her first faint stars, and let us hear the wings
Of thy most beauteous and bright-eyed doves
Stirring the breathless air ; let all thy loves
Be flying round thy car, with pleasant songs
Moving upon their lips : come ! each maid longs
For thy fair presence—goddess of rich love !

Come on the odorous air ;
And, as thy light wheels roll, from us remove
All love-sick care !

Lo, we have many kinds of incense here
To offer thee, and sunny wine and clear,
Fit for young BACCHUS: flowers we have here too,
That we have gather'd when the morning dew
Was moist upon them; myrtle wreaths we bear,
To place upon thy bright, luxuriant hair,
And shade thy temples too; 'tis now the time
Of all fair beauty: thou who lovest the clime
Of our dear Cyprus, where sweet flowers blow
With honey in their cups, and with a glow
Like thine own cheek, raising their modest heads
To be refresh'd with the transparent beads
Of silver dew: behold, this April night.
Our altars burn for thee; lo, on the light
We pour out incense from each golden vase,
O, goddess, hear our words!
And hither turn, with thine own matchless grace
Thy white-wing'd birds.

THE PARTHENON.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

FAIR Parthenon! yet still must fancy weep
For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown,
Bright as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee sleep
In all their beauty still—and thine is gone!

Empires have sunk since thou wert first **revered,**
And varying rites have sanctified thy shrine.
The dust is round thee of the race that reared
Thy walls ; and thou—their fate must soon be
thine !

But when shall earth again exult to see
Visions divine, like theirs, renewed in ought like
thee ?

Lone are thy pillows now—each passing gale
Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which moaned
That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale
Of the bright synod once above them throned.
Mourn, graceful ruin ! on thy sacred hill.
Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared :
Yet thou art honoured in each fragment still
That wasting years and barbarous hands had
spared ;
Each hallowed stone, from rapine's fury borne,
Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet
unborn.

Yes ; in these fragments, though by time defaced,
And rude insensate conquerors, yet remains
All that may charm the enlightened eye of taste,
On shores where still inspiring freedom reigns.
As vital fragrance breathes from every part
Of the crushed myrtle, or the bruised rose,

E'en thus the essential energy of Art
There in each wreck imperishably glows !
The soul of Athens lives in every line,
Pervading brightly still the ruins of her shrine.

Mark—on the storied frieze the graceful train,
The holy festival's triumphal throng,
In fair procession, to Minerva's fane,
With many a sacred symbol, move along.
There every shade of bright existence trace,
The fire of youth, the dignity of age ;
The matron's calm austerity of grace,
The ardent warrior, the benignant sage ;
The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's proud
mien ;
Each ray of beauty caught and mingled in the scene.

Art, unobtrusive, there ennobles form ;
Each pure chaste outline exquisitely flows ;
There, e'en the steed, with bold expression warm,
Is clothed with majesty, with being glows.
One mighty mind hath harmonized the whole ;
These varied groups the same bright impress
bear ;
One beam and essence of exalting soul
Lives in the grand, the delicate, and fair ;
And well that pageant of the glorious dead
Blends us with nobler days, and loftier spirits fled.

O, conquering Genius ! that couldst thus retain
The subtle graces, fading as they rise,
Eternalize expression's fleeting reign,
Arrest warm life in all its energies,
And fix them on the stone—thy glorious lot
Might wake ambition's envy, and create
Powers half divine : while nations are forgot,
A thought, a dream of thine, hath vanquished
fate !
And when thy hand first gave its wonders birth,
The realms that hail them now, scarce claimed a
name on earth.

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere
But once beheld, and never to return ?
No—we may hail again thy bright career,
Again on earth a kindred fire shall burn !
Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin, bear
A stamp of heaven that ne'er hath been re-
newed—
A light inherent—let not man despair ;
Still be hope ardent, patience unsubdued ;
For still is nature fair, and thought divine,
And art hath won a world in models pure as thine.

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and defaced—
Yet there the germ of future glory lies !
Their virtual grandeurs could not be erased ;
It clothes them still, though veiled from com-
mon eyes.

They once were gods and heroes—and beheld
As the blest guardians of their native scene ;
And hearts of warriors, sages, bards, have swelled
With awe that owned their sovereignty of
mien.
Ages have vanished since those hearts were cold.
And still those shattered forms retain their god-
like mould.

Midst their bright kindred, from their marble
throne,
They have looked down on thousand storms of
time.
Surviving power, and fame, and freedom flown,
They still remained, still tranquilly sublime !
Till mortal hands the heaven conclave marred.
The Olympian groups have sunk, and are forgot,
Not e'en their dust could weeping Athens guard—
But these were destined to a nobler lot !
And they have borne, to light another land.
The quenchless ray that soon shall gloriously ex-
pand.

Phidias ! supreme in thought ! what hand but
thine,
In human works thus blending earth and heaven,
O'er nature's truth hath shed that grace divine,
To mortal form immortal grandeur given ?

What soul but thine infusing all its power,
In these last monuments of matchless days,
Could, from their ruins, bid young Genius tower;
And Hope aspire to more exalted praise?
And guide deep Thought to that secluded height
Where excellence is throned in purity of light.

A HEALTH.

BY EDWARD C. PINCKNEY

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her very tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words:
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours ;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers.
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns—
The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain ;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health ! and would on earth there stood,
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL,

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.

BY WORDSWORTH.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;
And these gray rocks, this household lawn ;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream ;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep ;
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away :
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace

Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness :
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread !
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful !
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some healthy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways and dress—
A shepherd—thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :

Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea : and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father, any thing to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory,—feel that she hath eyes :
Then why should I be loath to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
And thee, the spirit of them all !

THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

BY JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

How beautiful is Zion!—Like a queen
Arm'd with a helm, in virgin loveliness
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods
Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
Waved their dark beauty round the tower of
David.

Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
The embrasures of alabaster shine ;
Hail'd by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.
But not, for thou art fair and turret-crown'd,
Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and bless'd
With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,
Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
Where saints and prophets teach, where the sterr.
law

Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,
And where the glory hovers, here I war.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY WILSON.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth !
Does human blood with life imbue
These wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
Oh ! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death ;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent ;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream ?

A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence !
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love :
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude :

But, lovely child ! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown ;
Glad would they be their child to own !
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home would'st live !
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, " 'This babe is mine !"
In time thou would'st become the same
As their own child,—all but the name !

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee !
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirred
When thy first broken words were heard
Words, that, inspired by Heaven, expressed
The transports dancing in thy breast !
And for thy smile !—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze are kindling now.

I called thee duteous; am I wrong?
No! truth I feel is in my song:
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to Love!
To God!—for thou, a harmless child,
Hast kept his temple undefiled:
To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries:
To Love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love and love in thee!
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye
What brighter throne can brighten
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim?

COLISEUM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

TYPE of the antique Rome ! rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation, left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power !
At length, at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage, and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an alter'd and an humble man,
Within thy shadows—and so drink, within
My very soul, thy grandeur, gloom, and glory.

Vastness, and age, and memories of old :
Silence, and desolation, and dim night !
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength.
O, spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane !
O, charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars !

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls !
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat !
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle !
Here, where on golden throne the CÆSAR sate,
On bed of moss lies gloating the foul adder !
Here, where on ivory couch the monarch loll'd,

Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But hold!—these dark, these perishing arcades,
These mouldering plinths, these sad and blacken'd
shafts,

These vague entablatures, this broken frieze,
These shatter'd cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
These stones—alas! these gray stones, are they
all,

All of the proud and the colossal left
By the corrosive hours, to fate and me?

“Not all,” the echoes answer me, “not all,
Prophetic sounds, and loud, arise for ever
From us, and from all ruin, to the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men; we rule,
With a despotic sway, all giant minds.
We are not impotent, we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone, not all our fame,
Not all the magic of our high renown,
Not all the wonder that encircles us,
Not all the mysteries that in us lie,
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”

ST. LEONARD'S.

BY CAMPBELL.

HAIL to thy face and odours, glorious Sea !
Twere thanklessness in me to bless the not
Great beauteous being ! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world !
Though like the world thou fluctuat'st, thy din
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose ;
Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
For these wild headlands, and the sea-mew's
 clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea,
I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine ;
The eagle's vision cannot take it in :
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird :
It is the mirror of the stars, where all

Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between gray parallel and leaden breadths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flushed like the rainbow, or the ring-dove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea!

Chameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder sky—thy mistress; from her brow
Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colours on
Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve;
And all thy balmier hours, fair element,
Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,
Luxuriant⁴ bearings, and sweet whisperings,
That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—
Creation's common! which no human power
Can parcel or inclose; the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee that could subdue the earth itself

And brook'st commandment from the heavens
alone

For marshalling thy waves—

Yet, potent Sea!

How placidly thy moist lips speak even now

Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be

So fanciless as to feel no gratitude

That power and grandeur can be so serene,

Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,

And rocking even the fisher's little bark

As gently as a mother rocks her child?

The inhabitants of other worlds behold

Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share

On earth's rotundity; and is he not

A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man

Who sees not, or, who seeing, has no joy

In thy magnificence? What though thou art

Unconscious and material, thou canst reach

The inmost immaterial mind's recess,

And with thy tints and motion stir its chords

To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the Universe in thee

Is visible; thou hast in thee the life—

The eternal, graceful, and majestic life

Of nature, and the natural human heart

Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.

Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-cir-

cling sea

Has spires and mansions more amusive still—

Men's volant homes that measure liquid space

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land,
With pained and panting steeds and clouds of
dust,
Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the
night,
Moored as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters, to the imaginative power
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds, and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral-groves—the shores of conch and pearl,
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves
And under planets brighter than our own :
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire-fly—all the smiles
Of tropic fruit that will regale her—all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiring
Varieties of life she has to greet,
Come swarming over the meditative mind,

'True, to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
 His darker tints ; but where the element
 That chequers not its usefulness to man
 With casual terror ? Scathes not Earth sometimes
 Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
 The shrieking cities, and with one last clang
 Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
 As riddled ashes—silent as the grave ?
 Walks not Contagion on the Air itself ?
 I should—old Ocean's Saturnalian days
 And roaring nights of revelry and sport
 With wreck and human woe—be loth to sing ;
 For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
 Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
 Our pensile globes revolve in purer air.
 Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
 Their freshening dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
 Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes,
 And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
 For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was
 Infinity of ages ere we breathed
 Existence—and he will be beautiful
 When all the living world that sees him now
 Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
 Quelling from age to age the vital throb
 In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
 The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
 Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
 In thundering concert with the quivering winds •

But long as man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA.



SUNSET NEAR VENICE.

BY SHELLEY.

How beautiful is sunset when the glow
Of heaven descends upon a land like thee,
Thou paradise of exiles, Italy !
Thy mountains, seas, and vineyards, and the
towers
Of cities they encircle !—It was ours
To stand on thee beholding it ; and then
Just where we had dismounted, the Count's men
Were waiting for us with the gondola.
As those who pause on some delightful way,
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
Looking upon the evening and the flood,
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky : the hoar
And airy Alps, towards the north, appeared,
Through mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark,
reared

Between the east and west ; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many-folded hills—they were
Those famous Eugunean Hills, which bear
As seen from Lido through the harbour piles
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—
And then as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen,
Those mountains towering as from waves of
flame,

Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent. “ Ere it fade,
Said my companion, “ I will show you soon
A better station,” So, o’er the lagoon
We glided, and from that funeral bark
I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark
How from their many isles, in evening’s gleam,
Its temples and its palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven.

TRANQUILLITY OF NATURE.

BY MOORE.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the lands and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity.—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere, that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs;

When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;
And even that swell the tempest leave
Is like the full and silent heavens
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,—
Too newly to be quite at rest.



THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

LORD of the day-star ! how many words portray
Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray ?
Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand could
trace,
Of regal dignity and heavenly grace ;
Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,
Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal sight ;
Each bold idea, borrowed from the sky,
To vest the embodied form of Deity ;
All, all in thee ennobled and refined,
Breathe and enchant, transcendently combined ;
Son of Elysium ! years and ages gone
Have bowed, in speechless homage, at thy throne,
And days unborn, and nations yet to be,
Shall gaze, absorbed in ecstasy, on thee !

GREEN RIVER.

BY BRYANT.

WHEN breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the waters they drink:
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright
With coloured pebbles and sparkles of light—
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away ;
And the plane-trees speckled arms overshoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the
 hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone.
Oh ! loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum ;

The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air ;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet fair as thou art thou shun'st to glide,
Beautiful stream ! by the village side ;
But windest away from the haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen ;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely—save when, by the rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides ;
Or the simpler comes with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look ;
Or haply some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur and fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light—
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings

But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee—
Till the eating cares of earth should depart
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of earth are subtle and loud—
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream;
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.



TO SENECA LAKE.

BY PERCIVAL.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake!
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream !
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam
And curl around the dashing oar
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
The golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow

On thy fair bosom, silver lake !
O ! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

TO MONT BLANC

MOUNTAIN,—who reignest o'er thine Alpine peers
Transcendently, and from thy massive crown
Of arrowy brightness darrest down thy beams
Upon their lesser coronets,—all hail !

Unto the soul in hallowed musing wrapt,
Spirits in which creation's glorious forms
Do shadow forth and speak the invisible,
The etherial, the eternal thou dost shine
With emblematic brightness. Those untrod
And matchless domes, through many a weary
league

Beyond the gazer, when the misty veil
Dies round them, start upon his dazzled sight
In vastness almost tangible ; thy smooth
And bold convexity of silent snows
Raised on the still and dark blue firmament !

Mountain,—thou image of eternity !—
Oh, let not foreign feet, inquisitive,
Swift in untrained aspirings, proudly tempt
Thy searchless waste !—What half-taught fortitude
Can balance unperturbed above the clefts
Of yawning and unfathomable ice
That moat thee round ; or wind the giddy ledge
Of thy sheer granite ! Hath he won his way,
That young investigator ? Yes ; but now,

Quick panting on superior snows, his frame
Trembles in dizziness ; his wandering look
Drinks pale confusion ; the wide scene is dim ;
Its all of firm or fleeting, near or far,
Deep rolling clouds beneath, and wavering mists
That flit above him with their transient shades,
And storm-deriding rocks, and treacherous snows,
And blessed sunlight, in his dying eye
Float dubious ; and 'tis midnight at his heart !

Mountain,—That firm and ardent Genevese,
The enthusiast child of science, whose bold foot
Bounded across thine ice-rents, who disdained
The frozen outworks of thy steep ravines,
And, through a labyrinth of crystal rocks,
Pressed his untired ascent, e'en he, and all
His iron band of native mountaineers,
While scaling the ærial cupola
Of Nature's Temple, owned a breathless pang.
Thy most attenuate element is fit
For angel roamings. True, his zealous mind
Achieved its philosophic aim, and marked
And measured thee ; but turned to earthly climes
Full soon, and bent in gladness toward the vale.

Mountain,—the sons of science or of taste
Need not essay such triumph. 'Tis more wise
And happier—till a fiery chariot wait—
To scan from lesser lights thy glorious whole ;
To climb above the deep though lofty plain

That wrongs thee ; pass its lines of envious peaks,
And stationed at thy cross, sublime Flegere !
Thence meditate the monarch's grandeur ; while
His host of subject hills are spread beneath ;
For scarce, till then, his own colossal might
Seems disenthralled ; and mute astonishment,
Unquenched by doubt or dread, at each new step,
Shall own his aspect more celestial still.
There, in some hollow nook reclining, whence
The bright-eyed chamois sprang ; with tufted bells
Of rhododendron olushing at my feet ;
The unprofaned recess of Alpine life
Were all my world that hour ; and the vast mount
In his lone majesty would picture heaven.

Bright mountain,—Ah ! but volumed clouds en-
wrap
Thy broad foundations, curtain all thy steeps,
And, rising as the orb of day declines,
Brood on the vassal chain that flank thee round,
Then thy whole self involve—save, haply, when
A quick and changing vista may reveal
Some spotless portion of thy front, and show
Thee not unstable, like the earthborn cloud,
Brilliant though hid, abiding if unseen.
Then, as the vale grows darker, and the sun
Deserts unnumbered hills, o'er that high zone
Of gathered vapour thou dost sudden lift
Thy silver brow, calm as the hour of eve,
Clear as the morning, still as the midnight,

More beautiful than noon ; for lo ! the sun
Lingers to greet thee with a roseate ray,
And on thy silver brow his bright farewell
Is gleaming :—Mountain, thou art half divine !
Severed from earth ! Irradiate from heaven !

Thus e'en the taught of heaven, with joyless eye
Fixed on the sable clouds which fear hath cast
O'er all the landscape of his destiny,
May fail to pierce them ; but, though legioned
shapes

Of nether evil, though the deep array
Of stern adversities, and murky hosts
Of dark illusions blot his upper skies,
Yet, as they change, through that incumbent gloom
Shall he catch glimpses of the hallowed mount,
And weep that heaven is bright.—And at the hour
Of stillness, when e'en frightful shadows fade,
When night seems closing o'er his latest hopes,
And his sun set for ever,—then, behold,
Emerging in mid heaven, thy glistening top ;
Oh, Zion ! and the God that ruled his day
Hath not departed ; for he poureth now
His radiance on thy summits, glancing back
A thrilling flood into his servant's soul !
“ Joy full of glory ! ”—Was the noonday dark ?
It was ;—but eve is cloudless ; night is peace ;
Rapture shall gild the never-ending morn !

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

BY WILSON.

MAGNIFICENT creature ! so stately and bright !
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight ;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming
head ;

Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale !—
Hail ! king of the wild and the beautiful !—hail !
Hail ! idol divine !—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the
morn,

Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain
and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore ;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee,
Up ! up to yon cliff ! like a king to his throne .
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy
breast,

Lo ! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest ;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill .
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still !—

Though your branches now toss in the storm of
delight
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright apparition—delay !
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er.—As if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell ;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee :
Magnificent prison enclosing the free ;
With rock wall-encircl'd—with precipice crown'd--
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a
bound.

Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth
keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep ,
And close to that covert, as clear to the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake
lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and
as bold.

Yes: fierce looks thy nature, e'en hush'd in repose—

In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death,

In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—

In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar,
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—

Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign:—

But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet;—

And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,

As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

AN ITALIAN SUMMER EVENING.

BY BYRON.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free—
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the
blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rheatian hill
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed
within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,

From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse :
And now they change ; a paler shadow shows
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
Dies like the Dolphin, whom each pang im-
bues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest till—'tis gone—and all is
gray.

FLORIZEL'S PRAISE OF PERDITA.

BY SHAKESPEAR.

WHAT you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak
sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish
you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
No other function : Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds
That all your acts are queens.

NIAGARA.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead : and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Ah ! who can dare
To lift the insect-trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow—'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn ? Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood : and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent labourer—and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm : but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not night or day. The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem ; and those wrecking fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve

This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thy unending volume.

Every leaf
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo ! yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapour-wreath,
For they may sport unharmed amid the clouds
Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty ;
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS EARTH.

BY E. B. BARRETT.

How beautiful is Earth ! my starry thoughts
Look down on it from their unearthly sphere,
And sing symphonious—beautiful is Earth !
The lights and shadows of her myriad's hills ;
The branching greenness of her myriad woods ;
Her sky-affecting rocks ; her changing sea ;
Her rushing, gleaming cataracts ; her streams
That race below, the winged clouds on high ;
Her pleasantness of vale and meadow !

Me seemeth through the leafy trees to ring
A chime of bells to falling waters tuned,
Whereat comes heathen Zephyrus out of breath
With running up the hills, and shakes his hair
From off his gleesome forehead, bold and glad
With keeping blithe Dan Phœbus company ;
And throws him on the grass, though half afraid
First glancing round lest tempests should be nigh,
And lays close to the ground his ruddy lips,
And shapes their beauty into sound, and calls
On all the petalled flowers that sit beneath
In hiding places from the rain and snow,
To loosen the hard soil, and leave their cold
Sad idlesse, and betake them up to him.
They straightway hear his voice

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A DIM and mighty minister of old Time !
A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past !—the very light
Streams with a colouring of heroic days
In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
To other years ;—and the rich fretted roof,
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose—
The tenderest image of mortality—
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts }
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves,—all these
things
Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
On their heart's worship poured a wealth of love.
Honour be with the dead !—the people kneel
Under the helms of antique chivalry,
And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,
And midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved
Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel
Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt ; where jewelled
crowns
On the flushed brows of conquerors have been set :
Where the high anthems of old victories

Have made the dust give echoes. Hence, vain thoughts!

Memories of power and pride, which, long ago,
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
In twilight depths away. Return, my soul
The cross recalis thee.—Lo! the blessed cross!
High o'er the banners, and the crests of earth,
Fixed in its meek and still supremacy!
And lo! the throng of beating human hearts
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
All their full treasures of immortal Hope,
Gathered before their God! Hark! how the flood
Of the rich organ harmony bears up
Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty burst!—
A forest-sounding music!—every tone
Which the blasts call forth with their harping
wings

From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent:
And the old minister—forest-like itself—
With its long avenues of pillared shade,
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy
Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul.
In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

A LOVER'S ADMIRATION.

BY LONDON.

I SEE her now. How more than beautiful
She paces yon broad terrace!—The free wind
Has lifted the soft curls from off her cheek,
Which yet it crimsons not,—the pure, the pale,—
Like a young saint. How delicately carved
The Gercian outline of her face!—but touched
With a more spiritual beauty, and more meek.
Her large blue eyes are raised up to the heavens,
Whose hues they wear. and seem to grow more
clear

As the heart fills them. There, those parted lips,—
Prayer could but give such voiceless eloquence,—
Shining like snow her clasped and earnest hands
She seems a dedicated nun, whose heart
Is God's own altar. By her side I feel
As in some holy place. My best love, mine,
Blessings must fall on one like thee!

ADORATION.

God-kind was born to wonder, and *adore*.

Young

Adoration.



GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

A HYMN.

BY BRYANT.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere **man**
learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why

Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised ! Let me, at least
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns ; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look
down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy
breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living
crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride ;—no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter ; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees

an music ;—Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt :—the barky trun'
ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship ;—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that 'Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes ; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. 'Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and
grace,
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the in-dwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
For ever. Written on Thy works, I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo ! all grow old and die : but see, again,
How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms : upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them :—and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes

Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble, and are still. O God! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great Deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities;—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face,
Spare me and mine: nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And, to the beautiful order of Thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

ALL ARE THINE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

'Tis night ! Oh now come forth to gaze
Upon the heavens, intense and bright .
Look on yon myriad worlds, and say,
Though beauty dwelleth with the day
Is not God manifest by night ?

Thou that created'st all ! Thou fountain
Of our sun's light—who dwellest far
From man, beyond the farthest star,
Yet, ever present ; who dost heed
Our spirits in their human need,
We bless Thee, Father, that we *are* !

We bless Thee for our inward life ;
For its immortal date decreeing ;
For that which comprehendeth Thee,
A spark of Thy divinity,
Which is the being of our being !

We bless Thee for this bounteous earth ;
For its increase—for corn and wine ;
For forest-oaks, for mountain rills,
For " cattle on a thousand hills ;"
We bless Thee—for all good is Thine !

The earth is Thine, and it Thou keepest,
That man may labour not in vain ;
Thou giv'st the grass, the grain, the tree,
Seed-time and harvest come from Thee,
The early and the latter rain !

The earth is Thine—the summer earth ;
Fresh with the dews, with sunshine bright
With golden clouds in evening hours,
With singing birds and balmy flowers,
Creatures of beauty and delight.

The earth is thine—the teeming earth ;
In the rich bounteous time of seed,
When man goes forth in joy to reap,
And gathers up his garnered heap,
Against the time of storm and need.

The earth is thine—when days are dim,
And leafless stands the stately tree ;
When from the north the fierce winds blow.
When falleth fast the mantling snow ;—
The earth pertaineth still to thee !

The earth is thine—thy creature, man !
Thine are all worlds, all suns that shine •
Darkness and light, and life and death ;
Whate'er all space inhabiteth—
Creator ! Father ! all are thine

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

BY HERRICK.

SWEET country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others', not their own,
But serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee !
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove,
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No : thy ambitions master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year ;
But walk'st about thy own dear bourds,
Not envying others' larger grounds :
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which though well-soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.

There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them ;
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamell'd meads
Thou go'st ; and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat,
Unto the dewlaps up in meat ;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox ;
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool ;
And leavest them as they feed and fill ;
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thou eves and holidays ;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet ;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast ;
Thy may-poles too, with garlands graced ;

Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never fail ;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole ;
Thy mummeries, Twelfth-night kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings ;
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit ;
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these thou hast thy times to go,
And trace the hare in the treacherous snow ;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark unto the trammel net ;
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made ;
Thy line-twigs, snares, and pit-falls, then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood !
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these ;
And, lying down, have nought to affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

BY THOMAS PARNELL.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind;
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of wo.

No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground :
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below ;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise

Lovely, lasting peace, appear,
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under the shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved :
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow ;
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy ;
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer,

Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and bless'd with God alone :
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight ;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song :
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day ;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain ;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me :
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes ;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.



HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE
VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

BY COLERIDGE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran BLANC !
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently ! around thee, and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity !
O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in
prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with **my**
thought,

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,—
Till the dilating soul, enwapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.
Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O, struggling with darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars!
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O, awake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars in the earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge.
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living
flowers

Of loveliest blue, garlands at your feet?

Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!

God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome
voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like
sounds!

And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye livery flowers that skirt the eternal frost!

Ye wild-goats sporting round the eagle's nest!

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!

Ye signs and wonders of the elements!

Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing
peaks,

Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,

Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
serene,

Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain ! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth !
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

AN ORISON OF EDEN.

BY MILTON.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then.
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell ye sons of light,—
Angels,—for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,

Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in the sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wondering fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternions run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray
Till the sun point your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author, rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye Winds that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices all, ye living souls ; ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and, if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.



THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY MILMAN.

I.

Love Thee !—oh, Thou, the world's eternal Sire !
 Whose palace is the vast infinity ;
Time, space, height, depth, oh, God ! are full of
 Thee,

And sun-eyed seraphs tremble and admire.
Love Thee !—but Thou art girt with vengeful fire,
And mountains quake, and banded nations flee ;
And terror shakes the wide unfathom'd sea,
When the heavens rock with Thy tempestuous ire.
Oh, Thou !—too vast for thought to comprehend,
That wast ere time,—shalt be when time is o'er
Ages and worlds begin—grow old—and end,—
System and suns Thy changeless throne before,
Commence and close their cycles :—lost, I bend
To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and adore !

II.

Love Thee !—oh, clad in human lowliness,—
In whom each heart its mortal kindred knows,—
Our flesh, our form, our tears, our pains, our woes :
A fellow-wanderer o'er earth's wilderness !
Love Thee !—whose every word but breathes to
 bless !
Through Thee, from long-seal'd lips, glad language
 flows ;
The blind their eyes, that laugh with light, unclose ;
And babes, unchid, Thy garment's hem caress.
I see Thee—doom'd by bitterest pangs to die,
Up the sad hill, with willing footsteps move,
With scourge, and taunt, and wanton agony ;
While the cross nods, in hedious gloom, above,
Though all—even there—be radiant Deity !
Speechless I gaze, and my whole soul is love !

HYMN OF THE SEASONS.

BY THOMPSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm,
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer-months,
With light and heart refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled.
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round. what skill, what force divine,
Deep telt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,

Shade unperceived so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,
Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this greatful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To him, ye vocal gales
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness
breathes,

Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe !
And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to
heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound,—
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale,—and thou, majestic main,—

A secret world of wonders in thyself,—
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers
In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.

Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to him :
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies ; effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise : for the Great Shepherd reigns
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,

At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass,
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour reach to heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full,
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing ; I cannot go

Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns :
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in Light Ineffable !
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.



ON SEEING WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY T. WARTON.

FROM beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing
walls,
To my low cot, from ivory beds of state,
Pleased I return, unenvious of the great.
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill ;
Now haunts old hollow'd oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale-lily's silver bells ;
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron flowers ;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

A MATIN.

BY DOWRING.

WHEN the moon peeps over the mountain's height
And the latest star has left the sky,
And the dews disperse at the glance of light,
And the earth puts on her robes of joy,
And the flowers look out, and the woods are gay
With birds and breezes, O ! 'tis meet
To join the universal lay,
And nature's chorus to repeat ;
To lead the aspiring soul to Him,
Whose is the darkness, whose the day—
Who kindled first the sunny beam ;
Poured forth the wandering milky way ;
Filled all heaven's lamps with ether, spread
The canopy above—whose hand
The valleys and the mountains weighed—
Fathomed the ocean—reared the land,
And crowded all with life and bliss :
See life and bliss around us glowing,
Wherever space or being is,
The cup of joy is full and flowing.

Yes ! nature is a splendid show,
Where an attentive mind may hear
Music in all the winds that blow—
And see a silent worshipper

In every flower, on every tree,
In every vale, on every hill—
Perceive a choir of melody
In waving grass or whispering rill;
And catch a soft but solemn sound
Of worship from the smallest fly,
The cricket chirping on the ground,
The trembling leaf that hangs on high.

Proud, scornful man ! thy soaring wing
Would hurry towards infinity;
And yet the vilest, meanest thing
Is too sublime, too deep for thee;
In all thy vain imagining
Lost in the smallest speck we see.
It must be so—for He, even He
Who worlds created, formed the worm—
He pours the dew, who filled the sea—
Breathes from the flower, who rules the storm.
Him we may worship—not conceive;
See not and hear not—but adore:
Bow in the dust—obey—believe—
Utter his name—and know no more.

His throne is o'er the highest star
That wanders heaven's blue vaults along;
He drives, unseen, His glorious car
A million viewless worlds among.
A thousand—ay ! ten thousand suns
Are darkness in His piercing eye !

Thy life runs on—and while it runs,
Vainly to know him dost thou try :
That is a bliss for realms on high,
When thou shalt breathe diviner air,
And drink of heaven's felicity ;
For knowledge knows no boundary there.
O ! if joy be here thy doom
Give it anchorage above ;
If thy path be dark with gloom
Steal a ray from heavenly love.
Source of joy !—my friend !—my father !
In thy presence let me be,—
Here the flower of virtue gather,
Blooming for eternity.

ABEL'S SACRIFICIAL ADDRESS.

BY BRYON.

OH, God !
Who made us, and who breathed the breath of life
Within our nostrils, who hath blessed us,
And spared, despite our father's sin, to make
His children all lost, as they might have been,
Had not thy justice been so tempered with
The mercy which is thy delight, as to
Accord a pardon like a paradise,
Compared with our great crimes :—Sole Lord of
light !

Of good, and glory, and eternity;
Without whom all were evil, and with whom
Nothing can err, except to some good end
Of thine omnipotent benevolence—
Inscrutable, but still to be fulfilled—
Accept from out thy humble first of shepherd's
First of the first-born flocks—an offering,
In itself nothing—as what offering can be
Aught unto thee?—but yet accept it for
The thanksgiving of Him who spreads it in
The face of thy heaven, bowing his own
Even to the dust, of which he is, in honour
Of Thee, and of Thy name, for evermore!



HYMN

OF THE DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM.

BY MILMAN.

KING of Kings! and Lord of Lords!
Thus we more our sad steps timing
To our cymbals' faintest chiming,
Where thy house its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds are we;
Through the dark air fled to thee;
To the shadow of thy wing,
Lord of Lords! and King of Kings!

Behold, oh Lord ! the Heathen tread
The branches of thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious branches spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That drinking of thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No ! by the marvels of thine hand,
Thou still wilt save thy chosen land !
By all thine ancient mercies shown
By all our father's foes o'erthrown ;
By the Egyptian car-borne host,
Scattered on the Red Sea coast ;
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress—
On the sand and sea-weed lying,
Israel poured her doleful sighing ;
While before the deep sea flowed,
And behind fierce Egypt rode—
To their fathers' God they prayed,
To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the Prophet stood ;
And the summoned east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gathered waves, that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand.

Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words,
King of Kings ! and Lord of Lords !

Then with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring
All around her furious king.
But the Lord from out his cloud,
The Lord looked down upon the proud ;
And the host drove heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell ;
Over horse, and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows rolled.
As the level waters spread
Down they sunk, they sunk like lead,
Down without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun that shone

On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

Then did Israel's maidens sing,
Then did Israel's timbrels ring,
To him, the King of Kings! that in the sea,
The Lord of Lords! had triumphed gloriously.

And our timbrels' flashing chords,
King of Kings! and Lord of Lords!
Shall they not attuned be
Once again to victory?

Lo! a glorious triumph now;

Lo! against thy people come
A mightier Pharaoh! wilt not thou
Craze the chariot wheels of Rome?

Will not like the Red Sea wave
Thy stern anger overthrow?

And from worse than bondage save,

From sadder than Egyptian wo,
Those whose silver cymbals glance,
Those who lead the suppliant dance,
Thy race, the only race that sings
"Lord of Lords! and King of Kings!"



**In this wide world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd.**
Crabb.

HYMN OF NATURE.

BY PEABODY.

God of the earth's extended plain !
The dark green fields contented lie ;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky :
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their foreign bands ;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hung, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To weave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !

When summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !

How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !

Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return ;

Her crumbling altars must decay ;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

OH, THOU! BEFORE WHOSE RADIANT
SHRINE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh, Thou! before whose radiant shrine
Entranced, adoring seraphs bend ;
Eternal source of light divine !
Wilt Thou thy hallowed ear incline
And mortal prayer attend ?
Yes, Father ! yes, benignant Power !
Around Thee beams fair mercy's purest ray ;
No awful terrors round Thee lower,
Save when, in judgment's dreaded hour,
Thou bidst creation tremble and obey !

Then, robed in darkness and in clouds,
That solemn veil thy glory shrouds ;
Chaos and night thy dark pavilion form ;
Thy spirit on the whirlwind rides,
Impels the unresisting tides,
Glares in the lightning, rushes in the storm !

But Thou wilt meet the suppliant eye,
And Thou wilt mark the lowly sigh;
And Thou the holy tear wilt see
Which penitence devotes to Thee;
That sigh thy breezes waft to heaven,
That holy tear is grateful incense given;
Low, humble, sad, to Thee I bend;
Oh! listen from thy blest abode!
And though celestial hymns ascend,
Oh! deign a mortal's prayer attend,
My Father and my God!

Teach me if hope, if joy, be mine,
To bless Thy bounteous hand divine;
And still, with trembling homage, raise
The grateful pæan of exalted praise!
When deep affliction wounds the soul,
Still let me own thy mild control;
Teach me, submissive and resigned,
To calm the tempest of the mind;
To lift the meek, adoring eye,
Suppress the tear and hush the sigh;
Gaze on one bright, unclouded star,
And hail "the day-spring" from afar,—
Bid angel-faith dispel surrounding gloom,
And soar, on cherub wing, beyond the tomb.

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

FATHER of Light ! great God of Heaven !
Hearest thou the accents of despair ?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven ?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer ?
Father of light, on thee I call !
Thou seest my soul is dark within ;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.
No shrine I seek to sects unknown ;
Oh point to me the path of truth !
Thy dread omnipotence I own ;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.
Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rites beguile.
Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone ?
Thy temple is the face of day ;
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.
Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form ;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm ?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire ?
Shall these, by creeds they can't expound
Prepare a fancied bliss or wo ?
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know ?
Shall those, who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime--
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of time ?
Father ! no prophet's laws I seek—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear :—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear !
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of ether's space
Who calmst the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace ;
Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence
Ah ! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me the wide defence.
To thee, my God, to thee I call,
Whatever weal or wo betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.
If, when this dust to dust restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,

How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing !
But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doomed no more to quit the dead.
To thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past.
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

MORNING HYMN.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" The Eternal spoke
And from the abyss where darkness rode
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow'd.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day, come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouch'd by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
Utter'd again his fiat forth,
And shed the gospel's light abroad,

And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall ;
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flushes the signal-light for prayer ;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there
Come kneel to him who through the night
Hath watch'd above thy sleeping soul,
To Him whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

CONTENT.

Contentment walks

The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase.

"Romance.

Content

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOME IS.

FROM PERCY'S RELIQUES.

My minde to me a kingdome is ;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
That God or Nature hath assigne :
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice ;
I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall :
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all :
These get with toile, and keep with feare :
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pomp, nor welthie store,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye ;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more :
They are but poore, tho' much they have
And I am rich with little store :
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine ;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
I brooke that is another's bane :
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse ;
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw
For care, I care not what it is ;
I feare not fortune's fatall law :
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seeke for more,

I like the plain, I clime no hill ;
 In greatest storms I sitte on shore,
 And laugh at them that toile in vaine
 To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;
 I feigne not love where most I hate ,
 I break no sleep to winne my will ;
 I wayte not at the mightie's gate ;
 I scorn no poore, I feare no rich ;
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath ;
 Extreames are counted worst of all :
 The golden meane betwixt them both
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall :
 This is my choyce, for why, I finde
 No welth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease ;
 My conscience clere my chiefe defence :
 I never seek by brybes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence :
 Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
 Would all did so as well as I !



Contentment gives a crown,
 Where fortune hath deny'd it.

THE QUIET MIND.

BY JOHN CLARE.

THOUGH low my lot, my wish is won,
My hopes are few and staid ;
All I thought life would do, is done,
The last request is made :
If I have foes, no foes I fear ;
To fate I live resign'd :
I have a friend I value here—
And that's a quiet mind.

I wish not it was mine to wear
Flushed honour's sunny crown :
I wish not I was fortune's heir,
She frowns, and let her frown :
I have no taste for pomp and strife.
Which others love to find :
I only wish the bliss of life—
A pure and quiet mind.

The trumpet's taunt in battle field,
The great man's pedigree—
What peace can all their honours yield,
And what are they to me ?
Though praise and pomp, to me the strife
Rave like a mighty wind

What are they to the calm of life—
A still and quiet mind ?

I mourn not that my lot is low,
I wish no higher state ;
I sigh not that fate made me so,
Nor tease her to be great :
I am content, for well I see,
What all at least shall find,
That life's worst lot the best shall be—
And that's a quiet mind.

I see the great pass heedless by,
And pride above me tower ;
It costs me not a single sigh
For either wealth or power :
They are but men, and I'm a man
Of quite as great a kind,
Proud too, that life gives all she can
A calm and quiet mind.

I never mock'd at beauty's shrine,
To stain her lips with lies ;
No knighthood's fame, or luck was mine,
To win love's richest prize :
And yet I found in russet weed,
What all will wish to find.
True love, and comfort's prize indeed
A glad and quiet mind.

And come what will of care or wo,
As some must come to all,
I'll wish not that they were not so,
Nor mourn that they befall :
If tears for sorrows start at will,
They're comforts in their kind,
And I am blest, if with me still--
Remains a quiet mind.

When friends depart, as part they must,
And love's true joys decay,
That leave us like the summer's dust
The whirlwind puffs away ;
While life's allotted time I brave,
Though left the last behind,
A prop and friend I still shall have,
If I've a quiet mind.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see ;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul ;
'Tis then the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Dyer.

SUMMER IN THE HEART

BY EPES SARGENT.

THE cold blast at the casement beats,
The window-panes are white,
The snow whirls through the empty streets—
It is a dreary night !
Sit down, old friend ! the wine-cups wait ;
Fill to o'erflowing ! fill !
Though winter howleth at the gate,
In our hearts 'tis summer still !

For we full many summer joys
And greenwood sports have shared,
When, free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams we dared !
And, as I look upon thy face—
Back, back o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is summer still !

Yes, though, like sere leaves on the ground,
Our early hopes are strawn,
And cherished flowers lie dead around,
And singing birds are flown,—
The verdure is not faded quite,
Not mute all tones that thrill ;
For, seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 'tis summer still !

Fill up! the olden times come back!
 With light and life once more
 We scan the future's sunny track,
 From youth's enchanted shore!
 The lost return. Through fields of bliss
 We wander at our will;
 Gone is the winter's angry gloom—
 In our heart 'tis summer still!



AMBITION.

BY RICHARD LOVELACE.

How uncertain is the state
 Of that greatness we adore;
 When ambitiously we soar,
 And have ta'en the glorious height,
 'Tis but ruin gilded o'er,
 To enslave us to our fate;
 Whose false delight is easier got than kept,—
 Content ne'er on its gaudy pillow slept.

Then how fondly do we try,
 With such superstitious care,
 To build fabrics in the air;
 Or seek safety in that sky,
 Where no stars but meteors are
 That portend a ruin nigh:
 And having reach'd the object of our aim,
 We find it but a pyramid of flame.

CONTENTMENT.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THINK'ST thou the steed that restless roves
O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves,
 With wild, unbridled bound,
Finds fresher pasture than the bee,
On thymy bank or vernal tree,
Intent to store her industry
 Within her waxen round ?

Think'st thou the fountain forced to turn
Through marble vase or sculptured urn,
 Affords a sweeter draught
Than that which, in its native sphere,
Perennial, undisturb'd and clear,
Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer,
 And wake his grateful thought ?

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
 Obtains a richer prize
Than he who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace, a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
 Of treasure in the skies ?

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S
LIFE.

BY GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THRICE, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shut out proud Fortune, with her scorns and
fawns:

No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.
No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives: nor silken pride:
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed:
No empty hopes no courtly fears him fright:
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.
Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports all difference refuses
His certain life, that never can deceive him,

Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content :
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive
him

With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent :
His life is neither toss'd in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease ;
Pleased, and full blest he lives, when he his God
please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place ;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face :
Never his humble house nor state torment him ;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him ;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb,
content him.



THE RICHEST JEWELL.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit ;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain ;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—Content.

HALBERT.

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

SIR, you do me wrong ;
I boast no virtue when I claim content
With that which you have left me ;—would not
change
My naked turret, in its mountain hold,
Reached by the path along whose rugged steep
Discord and envy climb not, for the fields
Rich Inverary in its scornful groves
Embosoms ; and to me the mouldering walls
Of its small chapel wear the glory yet
Of consecration which they took from prayers
Of the first teachers, through a thousand storms
Have drenched and shaken them. Forgive me, sir ;
I have a patrimony which disdains
Envy of yours.



Most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious : blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.

Shakespeare.

RURAL CONTENT.

BY THOMSON.

ON knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life !
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud
gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused ?
Vile intercourse ! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not ?
What though, from utmost land and sea purveyed
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death ? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice, nor sunk in beds,
Of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive—
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain—
Their hallow moments undelighted all ?
Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estranged

To disappointment and fallacious hope :
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the
bough

When summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Concealed, and fattens with the richest gap ;
These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple Truth ; plain Innocence ;
Unsullied Beauty ; sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased ;
Health ever blooming ; unambitious Toil ;
Calm contemplation, and poetic Ease.



He fairly looking into life's account ;
Saw frowns and favours were of like amount ;
And viewing all—his perils, prospects, purse,
He said, " content —'tis well it is no worse."

Crabbe.

“ USES OF ADVERSITY.”

BY SHAKESPEAR.

Now my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,—
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.



He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

Shakespeare.

REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

BY COLERIDGE.

Low was our pretty cot ! our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
'The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed ; and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined : the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot, which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion ! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen : methought, it calmed
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings : for he paused, and looked
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
And sighed, and said, *it was a blessed place.*
And we *were* blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wing.) " And such," I said,
" The inobtrusive song of happiness—

Unearthly minstrelsy ! then only heard
 When the soul seeks to hear ; when all is hushed
 And the heart listens !”

But the time, when first
 From that low dell steep up the stony mount
 I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top,
 O what a goodly scene ! *here* the bleak mount,
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
 Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields
 And river, now with bushy rocks o’erbrowed,
 Now winding bright and full, with naked banks ;
 And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,
 And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire :
 The channel *there*, the islands and white sails,
 Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless
 ocean—

It seemed like Omnipresence ! God, methought,
 Had built him there a temple : the whole world
 Seemed *imaged* in its vast circumference.
 No *wish* profaned my overwhelmed heart.
 Blest hour ! it was a luxury—to be !

Ah, quiet dell ! dear cot ! and mount sublime,
 I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,
 While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
 That I should dream away the entrusted hours
 On rose-leaf beds, pamp’ring the coward heart
 With feelings all too delicate for use ?
 Sweet is the tear that from some Howard’s eye
 Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth :
 And he, that works me good with unmoved face,

Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
My benefactor, not my brother man !
Yet even this, this cold beneficence
Seizes my praise ; when I reflect on those,
The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe !
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies !
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.
Yet oft when after honourable toil
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot !
Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose,
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode !
Ah—had none greater ! and that all had such !



The mind's content
Sweetens all suff'rings of th' afflicted sense,
Those that are bred in labour think it sport,
Above the soft delight which wanton appetite
Begets for others, whom indulgent fortune
Prefers in her degrees, though equal nature
Made all alike.

Nath.

GIVE ME A COTTAGE ON SOME
CAMBRIAN WILD.

BY KIRKE WHITE.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more,
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillar on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.



Unfit for greatness, I her stares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring baubles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

Churchill.

A MINGLED SENTIMENT.

BY SCOTT.

WHEN, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain,
There is a pleasure in this pain :
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impressed.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils ;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone St. Mary's silent lake ;
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink ;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hills huge outline you may view ;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,

Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour :
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie ;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell,
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness ;
And silence aids—though these steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills ;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear
But well I ween the dead are near ;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And dying bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
And fate had cut my ties to life,
Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
And rear again the chaplain's cell,
Like that same peaceful hermitage,
Where Milton long'd to spend his age.

'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,
On Bourhope's lonely top decay ;
And, as it faint and feeble died,
On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
To say, " Thus pleasures fade away ;
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey ;"—
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower :
And when that mountain-sound I heard,
Which bids us be for storm prepared,
The distant rustling of his wings,
As up his force the Tempest brings,
'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
To sit upon the Wizard's grave ;
That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust ;
On which no sun-beam ever shines—
(So superstition's creed divines,)
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore ;
And mark the wild swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,
And ever stoop again to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave :
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp, and trim my fire ;

There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak,
And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
To claim again his ancient home!
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I cleared,
And smile to think that I had feared.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,
(Though but escape from fortune's strife,)
Something most matchless, good, and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice;
And deem each hour, to musing given,
A step upon the road to heaven.



Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place,
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchymy of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find.

CONTENT IS HAPPINESS.

BY HAVARD.

WHAT art thou, Happiness, so sought by all,
So greatly envied, yet so seldom found ?
Of what strange nature is thy composition,
When gold and grandeur sue to thee in vain ?
The prince who leads embattled thousands forth,
And with a nod commands the universe,
Knows not the language to make thee obey,
Though he with armies strews the hostile plain,
And hews out avenues of death, he still
Loses his way to thee, because content
Appears not on the road, to light them to thee.—
Content and happiness are then the same ;
And they are seldom found, but in the bed
Where unmolested innocence resides.



Cellars and granaries in vain we fill
With all the bounteous summer's store,
If the mind thirst and hunger still :
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
We masters grow of all that we despise.

Cowley.

RETIREMENT.

BY BEATTIE.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even
 The lingering light decays,
 And Hesper on the front of heaven
 His glittering gem displays ;
 Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
 Beside a lulling stream,
 A pensive youth, of placid mien,
 Indulged this tender theme :

“ Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
 High o’er the glimmering dale ;
 Ye woods, along, whose windings wild
 Murmurs the solemn gale :
 Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
 And Wo retires to weep,
 What time the wan Moon’s yellow horn
 Gleams on the western deep :

“ To you, ye waste, whose artless charms
 Ne’er drew ambition’s eye,
 ’Scaped a tumultuous world’s alarms,
 To your retreats I fly.
 Deep in your most sequestered bower
 Let me at last recline,
 Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
 Leans on her ivied shrine.

“ How shall I woo thee, matchless fair !
Thy heavenly smile how win !
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing ?

“ Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclined,
He framed his infant lay ;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarmed,
Nor envy with malignant glare
His simple youth hath harmed.

“ ’Twas then, O Solitude ! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy !—
O take the wanderer home.

“ Thy shades, thy silence now be mine
Thy charms my only theme :

My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
 Waves o'er the gloomy stream ;
 Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,
 And down the lone vale sails away
 To more profound repose.

“ O, while to thee the woodland pours
 Its wildly warbling song,
 And balmy from the bank of flowers
 The zephyr breathes along ;
 Let no rude sound invade from far,
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
 Flash on the startled eye.

“ But if some pilgrim through the glade
 Thy hallowed bowers explore,
 O guard from harm his hoary head,
 And listen to his lore ;
 For he of joys divine shall tell,
 That wean from earthly wo,
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell
 That chains his heart below.

“ For me no more the path invites
 Ambition loves to tread :
 No more I climb those toilsome heights.
 By guileful Hope misled ;

Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain ;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

RURAL CONTENT.

BY HAMMOND.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty
crowned,

Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound.

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest how in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast
Or lulled to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest.

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go !
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know !

Thus pleased at heart, and not with fancy's dream
In silent happiness I rest unknown ;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.



OF MYSELF.

BY COWLEY.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone ;
The unknown are better than ill known—
Rumour can open the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when 't dependⁿ,
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace ; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate ;

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have lived to-day.



Cease then, nor order imperfection name :
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point ; this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit—in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear.

Pope.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE

AT AINSLEY HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

BY WARTON.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined,
I soothe, to peace my pensive mind ;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstained with wine ;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.
Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest ;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies ;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.
At morn I take my customary round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount ;
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,

I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.
At eve within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book
Pourtrayed with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly meed;
Then as my taper waxes dim,
Chaunt, ere I sleep my measured hymn;
And at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.
While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY COTTON.

DEAR Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain and wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wings she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comfort bring,
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;

We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age.
And crown our hoary hairs ;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys ! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :
Monarchs ! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large indeed ;
But then, how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few !
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice.
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are denied,
 And pleased with favours given;
 Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
 Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our son, with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
 In the checkered paths of joy and wo
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend
 And cheer our dying breath;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

BY WOTTEN.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles ;—
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles ;—
Fame's but a hollow echo ; gold pure clay ;
Honour the darling but of one short day.
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damasked skin ;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds ! Embroidered trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased nor our own,
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and
birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.
I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill :
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke :
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mine :
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, while the ass goes free :
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud :

I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass :
Rich hated : wise suspected : scorned if poor :
Great feared : fair tempted : high still envied
more :

I have wished all ; but now, I wish for neither
Great, high, rich, wise nor fair ; poor I'll be
rather.

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly
loves :

Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring :
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect a holy melancholy ;

And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in Heaven again.



I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Shakespeare

SONNET.

BY DRUMMOND.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
 Though solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that eternal love :
 Oh, how more sweet is birds harmonious moane,
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's
 throne,
 Which good make doubtfull, dothe evill approve ?
 Oh, how more sweet is zephyre's wholesome
 breath,
 And sighs embalmed, which new-born flowers
 unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
 How sweet are streames to poyson drank in gold !
 The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;
 Woods' harmlesse shades have only true de-
 lights.



Much will always wanting be
 To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
 To whom the wise indulgency of heaven,
 With sparing hand, but just enough has given
Cowley.

A BACHELOR'S RETREAT.

BY GREEN.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face ;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn to bound desire ;
By happy alchemy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find,
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of spleen.
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress ;
Unmoved when the rude tempest blows
Without an opiate they repose ;
And, covered by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly ;
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares ;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possessed.
Forced by soft violence of prayer,
The blithsome goddess soothes my care ;

I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving man, not quite a clown;
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper formed to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commissioned by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Were decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim:
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where odorous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around embrosial air;
From Eurys, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,

Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds ;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid :
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of Fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach ;
While soft as breezy breath of wind
Impulses rustle through the mind.
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measured motion frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green ;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,

And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus sheltered, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life ;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storm at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy ;
Debarred the pleasure to impart
By avarice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard-earned by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloomed by guile,
And wearing Virtue's livery-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in fortune's power
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down.
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

~~Now dainty~~ now dainty sweet it were, reclined
Beneath the vast out-spreading branches high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eyed maid
Beloved! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,
Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
A tale of true love, ~~or~~ of friend forgot;
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail
In gentle sort, on those who practise not
Or love or pity, though of woman born.



As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And wondering man could want a larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

Goldsmith.

A WISH.

BY ROGERS.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper-spire to heaven.



Her poverty was glad ; her heart content,
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapour meant.
Dryden.

COURAGE

It's truly valiant that can suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Shakespeare.

Courage.



COURAGE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

COURAGE!—Nothing can withstand
Long a wronged, undaunted land;
If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, Liberty!
Oh! no mountain-nymph art thou,
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the sword is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land!

Courage!—Nothing e'er withstood
Freemen fighting for their good;
Armed with all their father's fame,
They will win and wear a name,
That shall go to endless glory,
Like the Gods of old Greek story,
Raised to heaven and heavenly worth,
For the good they gave to earth.

Courage!—There is none so poor,
(None of all who wrong endure),

None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek;
And his maiden's dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light.
What though sunken be the sun!
There are stars when day is done!

Courage!—Who will be a slave,
That have strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side?
Courage!—Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can *never* die!
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Cry “*God!* and to the fight again!”

But he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Milton

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause
Unsham'd, though foil'd he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
Dryden.

REDMOND, IN ROKEBY HALL.

BY SCOTT.

WILFRID has fallen—but o'er him stood
Young Redmond, soiled with smoke and blood.
Cheering his mates, with heart and hand
Still to make good their desperate stand.
“Up, comrades, up! in Rokeby halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.—
What faint ye for their savage cry,
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye
These rafters have returned a shout
As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout;
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hallowtide or Christmas even.
Stand to it yet! renew the fight,
For Rokeby and Matilda's right!
These slaves! they dare not, hand to hand,
Bide buffet from a true man's brand.”



You must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime.

Shakespeare.

ARDENT COURAGE

BY BYRON.

I DETEST

That waiting ; though it seems so safe to fight
Behind high walls, and hurl down foes into
Deep fosses, or behold them sprawl on spikes
Strewed to receive them, still I like it not—
My soul seems lukewarm ; but when I set on them
Though they were piled on mountains, I would
 have
A pluck at them, or perish in hot blood !
Let me then charge !

COURAGE ENSURES SUCCESS.

BY DRYDEN.

No, there is a necessity in fate,
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate ;
He keeps his object ever full in sight,
And that assurance holds him firm and right ;
True, 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice ;
Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing
 miss.

HOTSPUR'S IMPATIENCE FOR
BATTLE.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

LET them come ;
They come like sacrifices in their turn,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them :
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours :—Come, let me take my horse,
Which is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a carse.

What, though the field be lost,
All is not lost ; th' ungovernable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome ;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me.

FITZ-JAMES IN THE PASS OF THE
TROSACHS.

BY SCOTT.

"HAVE, then, thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
'The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,

COURAGE.

As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge ;
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now,
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"—
Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."—
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand
Down sunk the disappearing band ;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low ;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth,---

The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill side
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted, back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received ;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed
And to his look the Chief replied,
“ Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest ;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford :
Nor would I call a clans-man's brand-
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on ;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”—
They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive ;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,

As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome path-way through,
Which yet by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonoured and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broad-sword peep
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.



DEATH FEARED BECAUSE UNKNOWN.

BY DRYDEN.

'Tis but because the living death ne'er knew,
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new :
Let me the experiment before you try,
I'll show you first how easy 'tis to die.

COURAGE IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverish life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Why give you me this shame ?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness ? If I must die
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ;
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too
much,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship slips on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?
Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !

Shakespeare.

COURAGE IN EXTREMITY.

BY SCOTT.

My soul hath felt a secret weight,
A warning of approaching fate.
A priest had said, Return, repent !
As well to bid that rock be rent.
Firm as that flint I face mine end ;
My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

The dawning of my youth, with awe
And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw ;
For over Redesdale it came,
As bodeful as the beacon flame.
Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,
When, challenging the clans of Tyne
To bring their best my brand to prove,
O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove ;
But Tynedale nor in tower nor town,
Held champion meet to take it down.
My noontide India may declare ;
Like her fierce Sun, I fired the air !
Like him, to wood and cave bade fly
Her natives, from mine angry eye.
Panama's maids shall long look pale
When Risingham inspires the tale :
Chili's dark matrons long shall tame
The froward child with Bertram's name.

And now my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disc like battle target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once —and all is night.



BASIL'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUTINOUS TROOPS.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

SOLDIERS! we've fought together in the field,
And bravely fought: i' the face of horrid death,
At honours call, I've led you dauntless on:
Nor do I know the man of all your bands,
That ever poorly from the trial shrunk,
Or yielded to the foes contended space.
Am I the meanest then of all my troops,
That thus ye think, with base unmanly threats,
'To move me now? Put up those paltry weapons;
They edgeless are to him who fears them not:
Rocks have been shaken from the solid base;
But what shall move a firm and dauntless mind?

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

BY SCOTT.

COUNT HAROLD gazed upon the oak
As if his eye-strings would have broke,
And then resolvedly said,—
“Be what it will yon phantom gray—
Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever say
That for their shadows from his way
Count Harold turned dismayed :
I'll speak him, though his accents fill
My heart with that unwonted thrill—
Which vulgar minds call fear.
I will subdue it !”—Forth he strode,
Paused where the blighted oak-tree showed
Its sable shadow on the road,
And folding on his bosom broad
His arms, said, “Speak—I hear.”



I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The Gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus,—like himself.
Shakespeare.

IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

IF thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a *word* should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past?
Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;
That, in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead;
That mount and vale,—each path ye trod,
By morn or evening dim,—
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul for him.
Then, if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

FRIENDSHIP.

in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There needs must be a like proportion
Of limaments, of manners, and of spirit

Shakespeare

Friendship



THE FRIENDSHIP FLOWER.

BY MILNES.

WHEN first the Friendship-flower is planted
Within the garden of your soul,
Little of care or thought are wanted
To guard its beauty fresh and whole;
But when the one empassion'd age
Has full reveal'd the magic bloom,
A wise and holy tutelage
Alone can shun the open tomb.

It is not absence you should dread,—
For absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the head
Shall wave most wonderful and fair;
With sympathies of joy and sorrow
Fed, as with morn and even dews,
Ideal colouring it may borrow
Richer than ever earthly hues.

But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere
Refresh the desert, hardly brooks

The common-peopled atmosphere
Of daily thoughts, and words, and looks;
It trembles at the brushing wings
Of many a careless fashion-fly,
And strange suspicions aim their stings
To taint it as they wanton by.

Rare is the heart to bear a flower,
That must not wholly fall and fade,
Where alien feelings, hour by hour,
Spring up, beset, and overshadow;
Better, a child of care and toil,
To glorify some needy spot,
Than in a glad redundant soil
To pine neglected and forgot.

Yet when, at last, by human slight,
Or close of their permitted day,
From the sweet world of life and light
Such fine creations lapse away,—
Bury the relics that retain
Sick odours of departed pride,—
Hoard as ye will your memory's gain,
But let them perish where they died.



Acquaintance I would have, but when t' depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Cowley.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

BY COWPER.

WHAT virtue, or what mental *grace*,
But men unqualified and base
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dulness of discretion.

If every polished gem we find,
Illuminating heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendship does the *same*
That jewel of the purest flame,
Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,
A real and a sound one;
Nor any fool, he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
And dream that he had found *one*.

Candid, and generous, and just,
Boys care but little whom they *trust*,—
An error soon corrected,—

For who but learns in riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected ?

But here again a danger lies,
Lest, having misapplied our eyes,
And taken trash for treasure.
We should unwarily conclude
Friendship a false ideal good,
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair ;
Nor is it wise complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
Or mean self love erected ;
Nor such as may awhile subsist
Between the sot and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

Who seeks a friend should come disposed
To exhibit in full bloom disclosed
The graces and the beauties,
That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis a union, that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported ;
'Tis senseless arrogance to accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice ?
It is indeed above all price,
It must be made the basis •
But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion ;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
The secret just committed,
Forgetting its important weight,
They drop through mere desire to prate,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,

If envy chance to creep in ;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dangerous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possessed.
So jealousy looks forth distressed
On good, that seems approaching;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
Are sadly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renowned for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling,
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention :

Aspersions is the babbler's trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissension.

A friendship, that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
The sparks of disputation,
Like hand-in-hand insurance plates,
Most unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as the needle to the pole,
Their humour yet so varies—
They manifest their whole life through
The needle's deviations too,
Their love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete ;
Plebeians must surrender
And yield so much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with smoke,
Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so placid and serene
(As Irish bogs are always green)
They sleep secure from waking ;
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unparticipated cares
Unmoved and without quaking

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their heterogeneous politics
Without an effervescence,
Like that of salts with lemon-juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life ;
But friends that chance to differ
On points which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge
No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
No cutting and contriving—
Seeking a real friend we seem
To adopt the chymist's golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined,
First fixes our attention ;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
And, having made election,

Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
 Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
 That constancy befits them,
And observations on the case,
That savour much of common-place,
 And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone,
 To finish a fine building—
The palace were but half complete,
If he would possibly forget
 The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
 How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
 To pardon or to bear it.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known
 By trespass or omission ;
So manners decent and polite,
'The same we practised at first sight,
 Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
" Say little, and hear all you can :"
Safe policy, but hateful—
So barren sands imbibe the shower,
But render neither fruit nor flower,—
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
Shall find me as reserved as he ;
No subterfuge or pleading
Shall win my confidence again ;
I will by no means entertain
A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas ! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
Of evils yet unmentioned—
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed,
However well-intentioned.

Pursue the search and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
To be at least expedient ;
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principle ingredient.

The noblest Friendship ever shown
The Saviour's history makes known,
Though some have turned and turned it :

And, whether being crazed or blind,
Or seeking with a biassed mind,
Have not, it seems, discerned it.

O ! Friendship, if my soul forego
Thy dear delights while here below ·
To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, and insincere,
Or may my friend deceive me !



THE KIND OLD FRIENDLY FEELINGS

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE kind old friendly feelings !—
We have their spirit yet,
Though years and years have passèd, old friend
Since thou and I last met !
And something of gray Time's advance
Seems in thy fading eye,
Yet 'tis the same good honest glance
I loved in times gone by—
Ere the kind old friendly feelings
Had ever brought one sigh !
The warm old friendly feelings !
Ah, who need yet be told
No other links can bind the heart

Like those loved links of old !
Thy hand I joyed in youth to clasp,
The touch of age may show,
Yet 'tis the same true hearty grasp
I loved so long ago—
Ere the last old friendly feelings
Had taught one tear to flow !
The kind old friendly feelings !
Oh, seem they e'er less dear,
Because some recollections
May meet us with a tear ?
Though hopes we shared—the early beams
Ambition showed our way—
Have fled, dear friend, like morning creams
Before 'Truth's searching ray—
Still we've kept the kind old feelings
That blessed our youthful day !

THE BLESSINGS OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY YOUNG.

KNOW'ST thou, Lorenzo ! what a friend contains
As bees mixed nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship wisdom and delight ;
Twins tied by nature, if they part they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad ?

Good sense will stagnate : thoughts shut up want air,
 And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.
 Had thought been all, sweet speech, had been
 denied ;

Speech, thought's canal ! speech, thought's criterion too !

Thought in the mine may come forth gold or dross ;
 When coined in words we know its real worth.

If sterling, store it for thy future use ;

'T will buy the benefit ! perhaps, renown.

Thought, too, delivered is the more possessed :

Teaching, we learn : and, giving, we retain

The births of intellect ; when dumb, forgot.

Speech ventilates our intellectual fire :

Speech burnishes our mental magazine ;

Brightens, for ornament ; and whets, for use.

What numbers, sheathed in erudition, lie,

Plunged to the hilts in venerable tomes,

And rusted in ; who might have borne an edge,

And played a sprightly beam, if born to speech ;

If born blessed heirs of half their mother's tongue !

'Tis thought's exchange ; which, like th' alternate
 push

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,

And defectates the student's standing pool.

In contemplation is his proud resource ?

'Tis poor, as proud, by converse unsustained.

Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field :

Converse, the manége, breaks it to the bit

Of due restraint ; and emulation's spur

Gives graceful energy, by rivals awed.
'Tis converse qualifies for solitude ;
As exercise, for salutary rest.
By that untutored, contemplation raves ;
And nature's fool by wisdom's is outdone.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness ?
That unobtained, than folly more a fool,
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies or damps an undivided joy.
Joy is an important ; joy is an exchange ;
Joy flies monopolists : it calls for two ;
Rich fruit ! Heaven planted ! never plucked by one.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight :
Delight intense is taken by rebound ;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend ;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit ; in passion's flame

Hearts melt : but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in reason ; passion's foe :
Virtue alone entenders us for life ;
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.
Of Friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,
And, emulously, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity ! endearing strife !
This carries friendship to her noontide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.



PERFECT FRIENDSHIP.

BY DRYDEN.

I HAD a friend that loved me ;
I was his soul ; he lived not but in me ;
We were so close within each other's breast,
The rivets were not found that joined us first,
That doth not reach us yet : we were so mixed,
As meeting streams : both to ourselves were lost.
We were one mass,—we could not give or take,
But from the same ; for he was I ; I, he :
Return, my better half, and give me all myself,
For thou art all !
If I have any joy when thou art absent,
I grudge it to myself ; methinks I rob
Thee of thy part.

PAST TIMES.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

OLD acquaintance, shall the nights
You and I once talked together,
Be forgot like common things—
Like some dreary night that brings
Naught, save foul weather ?

We were young, when you and I
Talked of golden things together—
Of love and rhyme, of books and men ;
Ah ! our hearts were buoyant *then*
As the wild-goose feather !

Twenty years have fled, we know,
Bringing care and changing weather ;
But hath the heart no *backward* flights,
That we again may see those nights,
And laugh together ?

Jove's eagle, soaring to the sun,
Renews the past year's mouldering feather :
Ah, why not you and I, then, soar
From age to youth—and dream once more
Long nights together ?

AN EPISTLE TO CHARLES LAMB,
ON HIS EMANCIPATION FROM CLERKSHIP.

(WRITTEN OVER A FLASK OF SHEPHERD'S.

DEAR LAMB, I drink to thee—to *thee*
Married to sweet Liberty !
What ! old friend, and art thou freed
From the bondage of the pen ?
Free from care and toil, indeed ?
Free to wander among men
When and howsoe'er thou wilt ?
All thy drops of labor spilt
On those huge and figured pages,
Which will sleep unclasped for ages,
Little knowing who did wield
The quill that traversed their white field ?

Come—another mighty health !
Thou hast earn'd thy sum of wealth—
Countless ease—immortal leisure—
Days and nights of boundless pleasure,
Checker'd by no dream of pain,
Such as hangs on clerk-like brain
Like a nightmare, and doth press
The happy soul from happiness.

Oh ! happy thou—whose all of time
(Day and eve, and morning prime)

Is fill'd with talk on pleasant themes—
Or visions quaint, which come in dreams
Such as panther'd Bacchus rules,
When his rod is on "the schools,"
Mixing wisdom with their wine—
Or, perhaps, thy wit so fine
Strayeth in some elder book
Whereon our modern Solons look,
With severe ungifted eyes,
Wondering what thou seest to prize.
Happy thou, whose skill can take
Pleasure at each turn, and slake
Thy thirst by every fountain's brink,
Where less wise men would pause to shrink
Sometimes 'mid stately avenues
With Cowley thou, or Marvel's muse,
Dost walk; or Gray, by Eton towers;
Or Pope, in Hampton's chestnut bowers;
Or Walton, by his loved Lea stream;
Or dost thou with our Milton dream
Of Eden and the Apocalypse,
And hear the words from his great lips?
Speak—in what grove or hazel shade,
For "musing meditation made,"
Dost wander?—or on Penshurst lawn,
Where Sidney's fame had time to dawn
And die, ere yet the hate of Men
Could envy at his perfect pen?
Or, dost thou, in some London street
'With voices fill'd and thronging feet)

Loiter, with mien 'twixt grave and gay—
Or take, along some pathway sweet,
Thy calm suburban way?
Happy beyond that man of Ross,
Whom mere content could ne'er engross,
Art thou—with hope, health, “learned leisure,”
Friends, books, thy thoughts—an endless pleasure!
—Yet—yet—(for when was pleasure made
Sunshine all without a shade?)
Thou, perhaps, as now thou rovest
Through the busy scenes thou lovest,
With an Idler's careless look,
Turning some moth-pierced book,
Feel'st a sharp and sudden wo
For visions vanished long ago!
And then, thou think'st how time has fled
Over thy unsilvered head,
Snatching many a fellow mind
Away, and leaving—what?—behind!
Naught, alas! save joy and pain
Mingled ever, like a strain
Of music where the discords vie
With the truer harmony.
So, perhaps, with thee the vein
Is sullied ever—so the chain
Of habits and affections old,
Like a weight of solid gold,
Presseth on thy gentle breast,
Till sorrow rob thee of thy rest.

Aye : so't must be ! E'en I (whose lot
 The fairy Love so long forgot),
 Seated beside this Sherris wine,
 And near to books, and shapes divine,
 Which poets and the painters past
 Have wrought in lines that aye shall last—
 E'en I, with Shakespeare's self beside me,
 And one whose tender talk can guide me
 Through fears, and pains, and troublous themes,
 Whose smile doth fall upon my dreams
 Like sunshine on a stormy sea—
 Want *something*—when I think of thee !



FRIENDSHIP TILL DEATH.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

HAND in hand we have enjoyed
 The playful term of infancy together ;
 And in the rougher path of ripened years
 We've been each other's stay. Dark lowers our
 fate,
 And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us ;
 But nothing, till that latest agony
 Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
 This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison
 house ;
 In the terrific face of armed law :
 Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be
 I never will forsake thee.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade ;
Since first beneath the chesnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow ;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;
We have laugh'd at little jests ;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip
And sullen glooms thy brow .
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow ,
We have been *sad* together—
Oh ! what sha part us now ?

OLD FRIENDS.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

How are they waned and faded from our hearts,
The old companions of our early days !
Of all the many loved, which name imparts
Regret when blamed, or rapture at its praise ?
What are their several fates, by Heaven decreed ;
They of the jocund heart, and careless brow ?
Alas ! we scarcely know and scarcely heed,
Where, in this world of signs, they wander now.
See, how with cold faint smile and courtly nod,
They pass, whom wealth and revelry divide—
Who walked together to the house of God,
Read from one book, and rested side by side ;
No look of recognition lights the eye
Which laughingly hath met that fellow face ;
With careless hands they greet and wander by,
Who parted once with tears and long embrace.
Oh, childhood ! blessed time of hope and love,
When all we knew was Nature's simple law,
How may we yearn again that time to prove,
When we looked round, and loved what'er we saw
Now dark suspicion wakes, and love departs,
And cold distrust its well-feigned smile displays,
And they are waned and faded from our hearts,
The old companions of our early days !

EARLY FRIENDS.

BY POLLOK.

MANY sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear ;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend,—
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget,
My early friends, friends of my evil day ;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too ;
Friends given by God, in mercy and in love.
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides ;
My joy in grief my second grief in joy ;
Companions of my young desires ; in doubt
My oracles ; my wings in high pursuit.
Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meeting-spots, our chosen sacred hours ;
Our burning words, that uttered all the soul ;
Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.
As birds of social feather, helping each
His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth
With all her tardy leaden-footed cares,
And talked the speech, and ate the food of heaven.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE
AUTHOR.

BY COLERIDGE.

A MOUNT, not wearisome, and bare, and steep,
But a green mountain variously up-piled,
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
Or coloured lichens with slow oozing weep;
Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;
And, 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash,
Dance brightened the red clusters of the ash;
Beneath whose boughs, by stillest sounds beguiled,
Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep,
Till, haply started by some fleecy dam,
That, rustling on the bushy cliff above,
With melancholy bleat of anxious love,
Made meek inquiry for her wandering lamb:
Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
E'en while the bosom ached with loneliness—
How heavenly sweet, if some dear friend should
bless

Th' advent'rous toil, and up the path sublime
Now lead, now follow; the glad landscape round,
Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!

O, then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
The berries of the half up-rooted ash

Dripping and bright ; and list the torrent's dash—
Beneath the cypress or the yew more dark,
Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock ;
In social silence now, and now t' unlock
The treasured heart ; arm linked in friendly arm,
Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
Muttering brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag ;
Till, high o'er head, his beck'ning friend appears
And from the forehead of the topmost crag
Shouts eagerly : for haply *there* uprears
That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs,
Which latest shall detain th' enamoured sight
Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
Tinged yellow with the rich departing light ;
And haply, basined in some unsunned cleft,
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale !
Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
Stretched on the crag, and shadowed by the pine
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah, dearest Charles ! it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,
While west winds fanned our temples toil-be-
dewed :
Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the
mount,
To some low mansion in some woody dale,
Where, smiling with blue eye, Domestic Bliss
Gives *this* the husband's, *that* the brother's kiss !

Thus rudely versed in allegoric lore,
The hill of knowledge I essayed to trace ;
That verd'rous hill with many a resting place,
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
To glad and fertilize the subject plains ;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
Where Inspiration, his diviner strains
Low murmuring, lay ; and starting from the rocks
Stiff evergreens, whose spread foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
And mad oppression's thunder-clasping rage !
O meek retiring Spirit ! we will climb,
Cheering and cheered, this lovely hill sublime ;
And from the stirring world uplifted high,
(Whose noises faintly wafted on the wind
To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy *theme* supply,)
There, while the prospect through the gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
We'll laugh at wealth, and learn to laugh at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the
 same,
As neighb'ring fountains image, each the whole.

Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies.

Shakespeare.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT

THE birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play ;

And thus the friends that flutter near,
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are started if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And chirrups midst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.



Unequal fortune
Made him my debtor for some courtesies,
Which bind the good more firmly.

Byron.

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

I WILL collect some rare, some cheerful friends,
And we shall spend together glorious hours,
That gods might envy. Little time so spent
Doth far outvalue all our life beside.
This is indeed our life, our waking life,
The rest dull breathing sleep.—

Thus, it is true, from the sad years of life
We sometimes do short hours, yea minutes strike,
Keen, blissful, bright, never to be forgotten;
Which, through the dreary gloom of time o'er-
past,
Shine like fair sunny spots on a wild waste.
But few they are, as few the heaven-fired souls
Whose magic power creates them.

VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY SOUTHERN.

FRIENDSHIP is power and riches all to me;
Friendship's another element of life:
Water and fire not of more general use,
To the support and comfort of the world,
Than friendship to the being of my joy;
I would do everything to serve a friend.

L'AMITIE EST L'AMOUR SANS LES
AILES.

BY BYRON.

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled ?
Days of delight may still be mine ;
Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth
Celestial consolation brings ;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat,—
“ Friendship is Love without his wings !”

Through few, but deeply chequered years,
What moments have been mine !
Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
Now bright in rays divine ;
Howe'er my future doom be cast,
My soul, enraptured with the past,
To one idea fondly clings ;
Friendship ! that thought is all thine own,
Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—
“ Friendship is Love without his wings !”

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
Their branches on the gale,

Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
Which tells the common tale ;
Round this unconscious school-boys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings ;
But here whene'er my footsteps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Oh Love ! before thy glowing shrine
My early vows were paid ;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
But these are now decayed ;
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas ! thy jealous stings.
Away, away ! delusive power,
Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour
Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth ! thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy ;
My bosom glows with former fire,—
In mind again a boy.
Thy grove of elmes, thy verdant hill,
Thy every part delights me still,—
Each flower a double fragrance flings ;
Again, as once, in converse gay,
Each dear associate seems to say,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

My Lycus ! wherefore dost thou weep ?
Thy falling tears restrain ;
Affection for a time may sleep,
But, oh, 'twill wake again.
Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
Our long-wished interview, how sweet !
From this my hope of rapture springs ;
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
Absence, my friend, can only tell,
“ Friendship is Love without his wings !

In one, and one alone deceived,
Did I my error mourn ?
No—from oppressive bonds relieved,
I left the wretch to scorn.
I turned to those my childhood knew,
With feelings warm, with bosoms true,
Twined with my heart's according strings,
And till those vital chords shall break,
For none but these my breast shall wake
Friendship, the power deprived of wings !

Ye few, my soul, my life is yours,
My memory and my hope ;
Your worth a lasting love ensures,
Unfettered in its scope ;
From smooth deceit and terror sprung
With aspect fair and honeyed tongue,
Let Adulation wait on kings ;

With joy elate, by snares beset,
We,—we, my friends, can ne'er forget,
“Friendship is Love without his wings.”

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
Who rolls the epic song;
Friendship and Truth be my reward—
To me no bays belong;
If laurelled Fame but dwells with lies,
Me the enchantress ever flies,
Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
Simple and young, I dare not feign;
Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
“Friendship is Love without his wings!”

In storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair
Face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast
Friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor mis'ry
Nor place, nor destiny, can alter or
Diminish. O friendship! of all things the
Most rare, and therefore most rare, because most
Excellent; whose comforts in misery
Are always sweet, and whose counsels in
Prosperity are ever fortunate.
Vain love! that only coming near to friendship
In name, would seem to be the same or better
In nature.

Lilly.

A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

BY BLAIR.

FRIENDSHIP ! mysterious cement of the soul ;
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh ! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood
Sweet murmuring : methought the shrill-tongued
 thrush
Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird
Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note :
The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep ; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh ! then the longest summer's day
Seemed too, too much in haste ! still the full heart
Had not imparted half ; 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

THE DYING GIAOUR.

BY BYRON.

IN earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
Where bloom my native valley's bowers
I had—Ah! have I now?—a friend!
To him this ring I charge thee send,
Memorial of a youthful vow;
I would remind him of mine end:
Though souls absorbed like mine allow
Brief thought to distant friendship's claim
Yet dear to him my blighted name.
'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
And I have smiled—I then could smile—
When Prudence would his voice assume,
And warn—I recked not what—the while
And now remembrance whispers o'er
Those accents scarcely marked before.
Say—that his bodings came to pass,
And he will start to hear their truth,
And wish his words had not been sooth:
Tell him, unheeding as I was,
Through many a bitter scene
Of all our golden youth had been,
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
To bless his memory ere I died;

But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
I do not ask him not to blame,
Too gentle he to wound my name;
And what have I to do with fame?
I do not ask him not to mourn,
Such cold request might sound like scorn;
And what than friendship's manly tear
May better grace a brothers hier?
And bear this ring, his own of old,
And tell him—what thou dost behold!
The withered frame, the ruined mind,
The wrack by passion left behind,
A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf,
Seared by the Autumn blast of grief!

I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like
Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Shakespeare.

TO MRS. AGNES BAILLIE.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

DEAR Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with
tears

O'er us have glided almost fifty years,
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen,
By those whose eyes long closed in death have
been,

Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender hare-bell or the purple heather;
No taller than the fox-gloves spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew,
And moth and lady-bird and beetle bright
In sheeny gold were each a wondrous sight.
Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows or spotted par with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective in my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years,
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning
grace

I'o woman's early bloom, changing how soon !
 To the expressive glow of woman's noon ;
 And now to what thou art, in comely age,
 Active and ardent. Let what will engage
 Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds
 In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
 From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore,
 In chronicle or legend rare explore,
 Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
 Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
 To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
 On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor
 Active and ardent—to my fancy's eye
 Thou still art young in spite of time gone by
 Though oft of patience brief and temper keen.
 Well may it please me in life's latter scene,
 To think what now thou art and long to me ~~has~~
 been.

'Twas thou who woo'd'st me first to look
 Upon the page of printed book,
 That thing by me abhorr'd, and with address
 Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
 When all too old become with bootless haste
 In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
 Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
 At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
 And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
 Arose in sombre show, a motley train.
 This new-found path attempting, proud was I,
 Lurking approval on thy face to spy,

Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
"What! is this story all thine own invention?"

Then as advancing through this mortal span,
Our intercourse with the mix'd world began,
Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy
(A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not concealed) did for the sisters twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
While, but for thee, vex'd with its tossing tide,
I from the busy world had shrunk aside;
And now in later years, with better grace,
'Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
With those whom nearer neighbourhood have made
'The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

With thee my humours, whether grave or gay,
Or gracious or untoward, have their way.
Silent if dull, oh, precious privilege!
I sit by thee; or, if called from the page
Of some huge, ponderous tome which, but thyself,
None e'er had taken from its dusty shelf,
Thou read me curious passages to speed
The winter night, I take but little heed,
And thankless say, "I cannot listen now,"
'Tis no offence; albeit much do I owe
To these, thy nightly offerings of affection,
Drawn from thy ready talent for selection;
For still it seemed in thee a natural gift,
The letter'd grain from letter'd chaff to sift.
By daily use and circumstance endear'd
Things are of value now that once appear'd

Of no account, and without notice past,
Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast ;
To hear thy morning steps the stairs descending.
Thy voice with other sounds domestic blending ;
After each stated nightly absence met,
To see thee by the morning table set,
Pouring from smoky spout the amber stream
Which sends from saucered cup its fragrant steam :
To see thee cheerly on the threshold stand,
On summer morn, with trowel in thy hand,
For garden work prepared ; in winter's gloom,
From thy cool noon-day walk to see thee come,
In furry garment lapp'd, with spatter'd feet,
And by the fire resume thy wonted seat ;
Ay, even o'er things like these, soothed age has
thrown

A sober charm they did not always own.
As winter hoar-frost makes minutest spray
Of bush or hedge-weed sparkle to the day
In magnitude and beauty, which bereaved
Of such investment, eye had ne'er perceived.
'The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners link'd, long have we side by side
Our earthly journey held, and who can say
How near the end of our appointed way ?
By nature's course not distant :—sad and reft
Will she remain,—the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou art taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home companion be ?

Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
 Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn ?
 And if I should be fated first to leave
 This earthly house, though gentle friends may
 grieve,

And he above them all, so truly proved
 A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
 There is no living wight, of woman born,
 Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn

Thou ardent, liberal spirit ! quickly feeling
 The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
 With sorrow and distress, for ever sharing
 The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring
 Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
 An unadorned but not a careless lay,
 Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
 From tardy love proceeds, though long delay'd.
 Words of affection, howsoe'er express'd,
 The latest spoken still are deem'd the best :
 Few are the measured rhymes I now may write
 These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.



'The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
 'The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
 In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
 The ancient Roman honour more appears,
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Shakspeare

RECOLLECTIONS OF FRIENDSHIPS.

MARINO FALLERO.

BY BYRON.

ALL these men were my friends; I loved them, they
Requited honourably my regards;
We served and fought; we smiled and wept in concert;

We revel'd or we sorrow'd side by side;
We made alliances of blood and marriage;
We grew in years and honours fairly,—till
Their own desire, not my ambition, made
Them choose me for their prince, and then farewell!
Farewell all social memory! all thoughts
In common! and sweet bonds which link old
friendships,

When the survivors of long years and actions,
Which now belong to history, soothe the days
Which yet remain by treasuring each other,
And never meet, but each beholds the mirror
Of half a century on his brother's brow,
And sees a hundred beings, now on earth
Flit round them whispering of the days gone by,
And seeming not all dead, as long as two
Of the brave, joyous, reckless, glorious band,
Which once were one and many, still retain
A breath to sigh for them, a tongue to speak

Of deeds that else were silent, save on marble—
Oime ! Oime !—and must I do this deed ?

I blame you not—you act in your vocation ;
They smote you, and oppress'd you, and despised
you ;

So have they *me* : but *you* ne'er spake with them ;
You never broke their bread, nor shared their salt ;
You never had their wine-cup at your lips ;
You grew not up with them, nor laugh'd, nor wept,
Nor held a revel in their company ;
Ne'er smiled to see them smile, nor claim'd their
smile

In social interchange with yours, nor trusted
Nor wore them in your heart of hearts, as I have :
'These hairs of mine are gray, and so are theirs,
'The elders of the council : I remember
When all our locks were like the raven's wing,
As we went forth to take our prey around
'The isles wrung from the false Mahometan ;
And can I see them dabbled o'er with blood ?
Each stab to them will seem my suicide.



That friends'hip's raised on sand,
Which every sudden gust of discontent,
Or flowing of our passions, can change
As if it ne'er had been.

Massinger.

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS!

BY MRS HEMANS.

I go, sweet friends! yet think of me
When spring's young voice awakes the flowers,
For we have wander'd far and free
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go, but when you pause to hear,
From distant hills, the sabbath-bell
On summer-winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I loved it well!

Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze,
For dear hath been its evening mirth
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And oh! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are stirr'd,
Think of me then!—I go, I go!



Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heaven, I trust.

Rowe

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O, and is all forgot?
All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence!
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Shakspeare.



As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave:
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away: leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

Shakspeare.

GRATITUDE.

Sweet is the scent of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet;
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of *G* attitude.

G. G.

Gratitude.

A POET'S GRATITUDE.

BY SOUTHEY.

ONCE more I see thee, Skiddaw ! once again
Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
Where, like the bulwark of this favour'd plain
Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene—
Thou glorious mountain, on whose ample breast
The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to
rest.

Once more, O Derwent ! to thy awful shores
I come insatiate of the accustomed sight ;
And, listening as the eternal torrent roars,
Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight :
For I have wander'd far by land and sea,
In all my wanderings still remembering thee.

Twelve years, (how large a part of man's brief
day !)
Nor idly, nor ingloriously spent,
Of evil and of good have held their way,
Since first upon thy banks I pitch'd my tent.

Hither I came in manhood's active prime,
And here my head hath felt the touch of time.

Heaven hath, with goodly increase, bless'd me
here,

Where, childless and oppress'd with grief, I came;
With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere

Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim:
Here I possess,—what more should I require?
Books, children, leisure,—all my heart's desire.



ZAMOR.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

By the fame
Of my brave sire, whose deeds the warrior tribes
Tell round the desert's watch-fire, at the hour
Of silence, and of coolness, and of stars,
I will not leave thee! 'Twas in such an hour,
The dreams of rest were on me, and I lay
Shrouded in slumber's mantle, as within
The chambers of the dead. Who saved me then,
When the pard, soundless as the midnight, stole
Soft on the sleeper? Whose keen dart transfixed
The monarch of the solitudes? I woke
And saw *thy* javelin crimson'd with his blood,
Thou, my deliverer! and my heart e'en then
Call'd thee its brother.

I THANK THEE, GOD! FOR WEAL
AND WOE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I THANK thee, God! for all I've known
Of kindly fortune, health and joy;
And quite as gratefully I own
The bitter drops of life's alloy.

O'er! there was wisdom in the blow
That wrung the sad and scalding tear,
That laid my dearest idol low,
And left my bosom lone and drear.

I thank thee, God! for all of smart
That thou hast sent, for not in vain
Has been the heavy, aching heart,
The sigh of grief, the throb of pain.

What if my cheek had ever kept
Its healthful colour, glad and bright?
What if my eyes had never wept
Throughout a long and sleepless night?

Then, then, perchance, my soul had not
Remember'd there were paths less fair
And, selfish in my own blest lot,
Ne'er strove to soothe another's care.

But when the weight of sorrow found
My spirit prostrate and resign'd,
The anguish of the bleeding wound
Taught me to feel for all mankind.

Even as from the wounded tree
The goodly, precious balm will pour ;
So in the rived heart there'll be
Mercy that never flow'd before.

'Tis well to learn that sunny hours
May quickly change to mournful shade ;
'Tis well to prize life's scatter'd flowers,
Yet be prepared to see them fade.

I thank thee, God ! for weal and woe ;
And, whatsoe'er the trial be,
'Twill serve to wean me from below,
And bring my spirit nigher thee.



Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood
As parent distributions to his branches,
Proud that his pride is seen, when he's unseen ;
And must not gratitude descend again
To comfort his old limbs, in fruitless winter
Improvident ?

Massinger.

TO SARA.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

BY COLERIDGE.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flower'd jasmine, and the broad-leaved
 myrtle,
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with
 light,
Slow-saddening round, and mark the star of eve
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world so
 hush'd!
Hark! the still murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence! And th' Eolian lute,
How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
Like some coy maid half-yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! and now its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound—
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world like this,
Where e'en the breezes of the simple air
Possess the power and spirit of melody!

And thus, my love ! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst thro' my half-closed eyelids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity ;
Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell or flutter on this subject lute !
And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each, and God of all ?
But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved woman ! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God,
Meek daughter in the family of Christ,
Well hast thou said and holily dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
Th' Incomprehensible ! save when with awe
I praise him, and with faith that inly *feels* ;
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable man,
Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess,
Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honour'd maid

A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE—RUSILLA.

BY SOUTHEY.

Good Father, I have heard
From my old faithful servant and true friend,
Thou did'st reprove the inconsiderate tongue,
That in the anguish of its spirit pour'd
A curse upon my poor unhappy child.
O, Father Maccabee, this is a hard world;
And hasty in its judgments! Time has been,
When not a tongue within the Pyrenees
Dared whisper in dispraise of Roderick's name,
Lest if the conscious air had caught the sound
The vengeance of the honest multitude
Should fall upon the traitorous head, or brand
For life-long infamy the lying lips.
Now if a voice be raised in his behalf,
'Tis noted for a wonder, and the man
Who utters the strange speech shall be admired
For such excess of Christian charity.
Thy Christian charity hath not been lost;—
Father, I feel its virtue :—it hath been
Balm to my heart :—with words and grateful tears,
All that is left me now for gratitude,—
I thank thee, and beseech thee in thy prayers
That thou wilt still remember Roderick's name.

BUILD UP A COLUMN TO BOLIVAR .

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

BUILD up a column to Bolivar !
Build it under a tropic star !
Build it high as his mounting fame !
Crown its head with his noble name !
Let the letters tell, like a light afar,
“ *This is the column of Bolivar !* ”
Soldier in war, in peace a man,
Did he not all that a hero can ?
Wasting his life for his country's care,
Laying it down with a patriot prayer,
Shedding his blood like the summer rain,
Loving the land, though he loved in vain !
Man is a creature, good or ill,
Little or great, at his own strong will ;
And *he* grew good, and wise, and great,
Albeit he fought with a tyrant fate,
And shower'd his golden gifts on men,
Who paid him in basest wrongs again !
Raise the column to Bolivar !
Firm in peace, and fierce in war !
Shout forth his noble, noble name !
Shout till his enemies die, in shame !
Shout till Columbia's woods awaken
Like seas by a mighty tempest shaken—

Till pity, and praise, and great disdain,
Sound like an Indian hurricane !
Shout, as ye shout in conquering war,
While ye build the column to Bolivar !



A MONARCH'S GRATITUDE.—SAR-
DANAPALUS.

BY BYRON.

STAY a moment, my good Salamenes,
My brother, my best subject, better prince
Than I am king. You should have been the
monarch,
And I—I know not what, and care not ; but
Think not I am insensible to all
Thine honest wisdom, and thy rough, yet kind,
Though oft reproving, sufferance of my follies.
If I have spared these men against thy counsel,
That is, their lives—it is not that I doubt
The advice was sound ; but let them live : we will
not
Cavil about their lives—so let them mend them.
Their banishment will leave me still sound sleep,
Which their death had not left me.

TO CHARLES LLOYD.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITER

BY CHARLES LAMB

ALONE, obscure, without a friend
A cheerless, solitary thing,
Why seeks my Lloyd the stranger out ?
What offering can the stranger bring.
Of social scenes, home-bred delights,
That him in ought compensate may
For Storvey's pleasant winter nights,
For loves and friendships far away ?
In brief oblivion to forego
Friends, such as thine, so justly dear,
And be awhile with me content
To stay, a kindly loiterer, here
For this a gleam of random joy
Hath flush'd my unaccustomed cheek ;
And with an o'ercharged, bursting heart,
I feel the thanks I cannot speak.
Oh ! sweet are all the Muses' lays,
And sweet the charm of matin bird ;
'Twas long since these estranged ears
The sweeter voice of friend had heard.
The voice hath spoke : the pleasant sound
In memory's ear in after time
Shall live, to sometimes rouse a tear,

And sometimes prompt an honest rhyme.
For, when the transient charm is fled,
And when the little week is o'er,
To cheerless, friendless, solitude,
When I return as heretofore,
Long, long, within my aching heart
The grateful sense shall cherish'd be ;
I'll think less meanly of myself,
That Lloyd will sometimes think on me.

CONRADE'S REFUSAL TO ASSASIN.
ATE SEYD.

BY BYRON.

GULNARE—Gulnare—I never felt till now
My abject fortune, wither'd fame so low :
Seyd is my enemy : hath swept my band
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
To smite the smiter with the scimitar ;
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife ;
Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.
Thine saved I gladly, lady, not for this—
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy
breast !
Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest .

GULNARE AND CONRADE.

BY BYRON.

SHE gazed in wonder, "Can he calmly sleep,
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep!
And mine in restlessness are wandering here—
What sudden spell hath made this man so dear!
True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
And me and mine he spared from worse than woe!
'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—
How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!"

He raised his head—and dazzled with the light,
His eye seemed dubious if it saw aright;
He moved his hand—the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.

"What is that form? if not a shape of air,
Methinks my jailor's face shows wondrous fair!"

"Pirate! thou know'st me not—but I am one,
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;
Look on me—and remember her, thy hand
Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful
band.

I come through darkness—and I scarce know
why—

Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die.

"Corsair! thy doom is named—but I have power
To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.

Thee I would spare—nay more—would save thee
 now,
But this—time—hope—nor even thy strength
 allow ;
But all I can, I will : at least, delay
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.
More now were ruin—even thyself were loath
The vain attempt should bring but doom on both.'

I find a pious gratitude disperse
Within my soul ; and every thought of him
Ingenders a warm sigh within me, which,
Like curls of holy incense, overtake
Each other in my bosom, and enlarge
With their embrace his sweet remembrance.

Shirley.

What can I pay thee for this noble usage,
But grateful praise ? so heav'n itself is paid !

Rowe.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received : propitious heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense
And doubles all its blessings.

Lillo.

AN OLD SERVANT'S GRATITUDE.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

I HAVE five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown ;
Take that : and he that doth the ravens feed
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age ! here is the gold ;
All this I give you : Let me be your servant ;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood ;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities—

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty,—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week ;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

HONOUR.

Honour's a sacred tie—the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It is not to be sported with.

Addison

Honour.

HONOUR ITS OWN REWARD

BY HEBER.

SWELL, swell the shrill trumpet, clear sounding
afar,

Our sabres flash splendour around,
For freedom has summon'd her sons to the war,
Nor Britain has shrunk from the sound.

Let plunder's vile thirst the invaders inflame,
Let slaves for their wages be bold,
Shall valour the harvest of avarice claim?
Shall Britons be barter'd for gold?

No! free be our aid, independent our might
Proud honour our guerdon alone;
Unhired be the hand that we raise in the fight
The sword that we brandish our own.

Still all that we love to our thoughts shall succeed,
Their image each labour shall cheer,
For them we will conquer—for them we will bleed,
And our pay be a smile or a tear!

And oh ! if returning triumphant we move,
Or sink on the land that we save,
Oh ! blest by his country, his kindred, his love.
How vast the reward of the brave !

THE PRIDE OF HONOUR.

BY THOMSON.

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch
At every tender twig of nice distinctions.
These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well ;
But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy nobly sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

Honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no med'cine can assuage.
Quoth he, that honour's very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish ;
For what's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars ?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of, by th' blow,
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.

Butler.

HONOUR UNAFFECTED BY SLANDER.

BY BYRON.

I PREFER

My honour to a thousand lives, could such
Be multiplied in mine, but would not have
A single life of others lost for that
Which nothing human can impugn—the sense
Of virtue, looking not to what is called
A good name for reward, but to itself
To me the scorner's words were as the wind
Unto the rock : but as there are—alas !—
Spirits more sensitive, on which such things
Light as the whirlwind on the waters, souls
To whom dishonour's shadow is a substance,
More terrible than death, here and hereafter ;
Men whose vice is to start at vice's scoffing,
And who, though proof against all blandishments
Of pleasure, and all pangs of pain, are feeble
When the proud name on which they pinnacled
Their hopes is breathed on, jealous as the eagle
Of her high aerie ; let what we now
Behold, and feel, and suffer, be a lesson
To wretches how they tamper in their spleen
With beings of a higher order.

HIGHLAND HONOUR.

BY SCOTT.

BESIDE its embers, red and clear,
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
“Thy name and purpose ! Saxon, stand !”—
“ A stranger.”—“ What dost thou require ?”—
“ Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost.”—
‘ Art thou a friend to Roderick ?’—“ No,”
“ Thou darest not call thyself a foe ?”
“ I dare ! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.”—
“ Bold words !—but though the best of game
The privilege of chace may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain ?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy !”—
“ They do, by Heaven !—Come, Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest.”—

"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight. '—
"Then by these tokens may'st thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."

"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."—

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech address'd.

"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honour spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.

It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne:
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honour's laws,
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,

O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford :
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."—
With that he shook the gather'd heart
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

HONOUR COVETED.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

WOUNDED HONOUR.—MARINO FALIERO.

BY BYRON.

Doge. I tell thee—*must* I tell thee—what thy
father

Would have required no words to comprehend?
Hast thou no feeling save the external sense
Of torture from the touch? hast thou no soul—
No pride—no passion—no deep sense of honour?

Bertuccio Faliero. 'Tis the first time that honour
has been doubted,

And were the last from any other skeptic.

Doge. You know the full offence of this born
villain,

This creeping, coward, rank, acquitted felon,
Who threw his sting into a poisonous libel,
And on the honour of—Oh, God! my wife,
'The nearest, dearest part of all men's honour,
Left a base slur to pass from mouth to mouth
Of loose mechanics, with all coarse, foul comments,
And villanous jests, and blasphemies obscene;
While sneering nobles, in more polished guise,
Whisper'd the tale, and smiled upon the lie
Which made me look like them—a courteous
wittol,

Patient—ay, proud, it may be, of dishonour.

Ber. F. But still it was a lie—you knew it false
And so did all men.

Doge, Nephew, the high Roman
Said "Cæsar's wife must not even be suspected,"
And put her from him.

Ber. F. True—but in those days—

Doge. What is it that a Roman would not suffer
That a Venetian prince must bear? Old Dandolo
Refused the diadem of all the Cæsars,
And were the ducal cap I trample on,
Because 'tis now degraded.

Ber. F. 'Tis even so.

Doge. It is—it is:—I did not visit on
The innocent creature thus most vilely slandered
Because she took an old man for her lord,
For that he had been long her father's friend
And patron of her house, as if there were
No love in woman's heart but lust of youth
And beardless faces;—I did not for this
Visit the villain's infamy on her,
But craved my country's justice on his head,
The justice due unto the humblest being
Who hath a wife whose faith is sweet to him,
Who hath a home whose hearth is dear to him,
Who hath a name whose honour's all to him,
When these are tainted by the accursing breath
Of calumny and scorn.

LIBERTY.

Hail, sacred Freedom, when by law restrain'd!
Without you what were man? A grovelling brute,
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.

Beattie.

Oh, Liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou makest the gloomy face of nature gay,
Givest beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Beattie.

Liberty.



THE VISION OF LIBERTY.*

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

THE evening heavens were calm and bright ;
No dimness rested on the glittering light
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on
high ;

Those distant suns burn'd on in quiet ray ;
The placid planets held their modest way :
And silence reign'd profound o'er earth, and sea,
and sky.

O what an hour for lofty thought !
My spirit burn'd within ; I caught
A holy inspiration from the hour.
Around me man and nature slept ;
Alone my solemn watch I kept,
Till morning dawn'd, and sleep resumed her power.

A vision pass'd upon my soul.
I still was gazing up to heaven,

* From a poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in 1825.

As in the early hours of even ;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all those countless sons of light
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the
moonless night.

When, lo, upon the pla'n,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,
A massive castle, far and high,
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile
Flung up its time-defying towers ;
Its lofty gates seem'd scornfully to smile
At vain assault of human powers,
And threats and arms deride.
Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride
In giant masses graced the walls above,
And dungeons yawn'd below.
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove
Grave, silent chroniclers of time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,
See, within, a sudden blaze !
So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,
'That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,
Nor makes the wither'd leaf to drop,
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

But soon it spread—
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red—

From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
Raging with resistless power ;
'Till every fervent pillar glow'd,
And every stone seem'd burning coal,
Instinct with living heat, that flow'd
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole

Beautiful, fearful, grand,
Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.
At length a crackling sound began ;
From side to side, throughout the pile it ran
And louder yet and louder grew,
'Till now in rattling thunder-peals it grew :
Huge shiver'd fragments from the pillars broke,
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.
The shatter'd walls were rent and riven,
And piecemeal driven,
Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.
'Tis done ; what centuries had rear'd.
In quick explosion disappear'd.
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place—
Bright with more than human grace,
Robed in more than mortal seeming,
Radiant glory in her face,
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beam-
ing—
Rose a fair, majestic form,
As the mild rainbow from the storm.

I mark'd her smile, I knew her eye ;
And when, with gesture of command,
She waved aloft the cap-crown'd wand,
My slumbers fled mid shouts of " Liberty !"

Read ye the dream ? and know ye not
How truly it unlock'd the world of fate !
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
And spreads it not, and burns in every state ?
And when their old and cumbrous walls,
Fill'd with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they rear'd their impotent defence
The fabric falls !
That fervent energy must spread,
Till despotism's towers be overthrown ;
And in their stead,
Liberty stands alone !

Hasten the day, just Heaven !
Accomplish thy design ;
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,
Freely on all men shine ;
Till equal rights be equally enjoy'd,
And human power for human good employ'd ;
Till law, and not the sovereign, rule sustain
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

TO LIBERTY.

BY COLERIDGE.

Ye clouds . that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control !
Ye ocean-waves ! that wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws !
Ye woods that listen to the night-bird's singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches, swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind !
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which woodman never trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound .
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !
O, ye loud waves ! and O, ye forests high !
And O, ye clouds that far above me soar'd !
Thou rising sun ! thou blue rejoicing sky !
Yea, every thing that is, and will be free !
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.—
O Liberty ! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour ;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor
ever

Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power
Alike from all howe'er they praise thee,
(Not prayer, nor boastful name delays thee,)
Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of
the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines scarce travelled by the breeze
above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.



RESTRAINT NO WHERE ENDURABLE,

BY DRYDEN.

Oh give me liberty!
For were even paradise my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

EFFECTS OF FREEDOM.

BY COWPER.

FREEDOM has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
The mind attains, beneath her happy reign,
The growth that nature meant she should attain
The varied fields of science, ever new,
Opening, and wider opening on her view,
She ventures onward with a prosperous force,
While no base fear impedes her in her course.
Religion, richest favour of the skies,
Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes;
No shades of superstition blot the day,
Liberty chases all that gloom away;
The soul emancipated, unoppress'd,
Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,
Learns much; and to a thousand listening minds
Communicates with joy the good she finds:
Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show
His manly forehead to the fiercest foe;
Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
His spirits rising as his toils increase,
Guards well what arts and industry have won,
And Freedom claims him for her first-born son.
Slaves fight for what were better cast away—
The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway

But they, that fight for freedom, undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake :—
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
O Liberty ! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme ;
Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse ;
Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse .
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires :
Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if Liberty be there ;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid zone, or India's fiercest heat.

Yet, freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind ;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind ;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms ; and the rind,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the north ;
So shall a bitter spring less bitter fruit bring forth
Byron.

TO FREEDOM.

BY JOEL BARLOW.

SUN of the moral world ! effulgent source
Of man's best wisdom and his steadiest force,
Soul-searching Freedom ! here assume thy stand,
And radiate hence to every distant land ;
Point out and prove how all the scenes of strife,
The shock of states, the impassion'd broils of life
Spring from unequal sway ; and how they fly
Before the splendour of thy peaceful eye ;
Unfold at last the genuine social plan,
The mind's full scope, the dignity of man,
Bold nature, bursting through her long disguise,
And nations daring to be just and wise.
Yes ! righteous Freedom, heaven and earth and sea
Yield or withhold their various gifts for thee
Protected Industry beneath thy reign
Leads all the virtues in her filial train ;
Courageous Probity, with brow serene,
And Temperance calm presents her placid mien ;
Contentment, Moderation, Labour, Art,
Mould the new man and humanize his heart ;
To public plenty private ease dilates,
Domestic peace to harmony of states.
Protected Industry, careering far,
Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,
And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,
Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Ay, this is freedom!—these pure skies
Were never stain'd with village smoke;
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me, where the red deer feed
In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
No barriers in the bloomy grass;
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass
In pastures, measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long stripe of waving sedge;
The bear, that marks my weapon's gleam
Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
The brinded catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to watch his prey,
Even in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way,
Gray, old, and cumber'd with a train
Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray !
Free stray the lucid streams, and find
No taint in these fresh lawns and shades ;
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the fire, when frostwinds sere
The heavy herbage of the ground,
Gathers his annual harvest here,
With roaring like the battle's sound,
And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
And smoke-streams gushing up the sky :
I meet the flames with flames again,
And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly ; and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river, seaward roll'd.
Who feeds its founts with rain and dew ?
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines, whose blue,
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass ?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys
Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.

I hunt, till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height ;
And kind the voice, and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.



SONNET.

BY MRS. NORTON.

LIKE an enfranchised bird, that wildly springs,
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye,
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,—
So my enamour'd heart, so long thine own,
At length from Love's imprisonment set free,
Goes forth into the open world alone,
Glad and exulting in its liberty :
But like that helpless bird (confined so long,
His weary wings have lost all power to soar),
Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song,
And, feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once
more,—
So from its former bonds released in vain,
My heart still feels the weight of that remember'd
chain,

THE PEASANT.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE land for me ! the land for me !
Where every living soul is free !
Where winter may come, where storms may rave
But the tyrant dare not bring his slave.

I should hate to dwell in a summer land
Where flowers spring up on every hand ;
Where the breeze is glad, the heavens are fair,
But the taint of blood is every where.

I saw a peasant sit at his door,
When his weekly toil in the fields was o'er ;
He sat on the bench his grandsires made,
He sat in his father's walnut shade.

'Twas the golden hour of an April morn ;
Lightly the lark sprang from the corn ;
The blossoming trees shone purely white,
Quiver'd the young leaves in the light.

The sabbath bells, with a holy glee,
Were ringing o'er woodland, heath, and lea :
'Twas a season whose living influence ran
Through air, tl rough earth, and the hear' of man

No feeble joy was that peasant's lot,
As his children gamboll'd before his cot,
And archly mimick'd the toils and cares
Which coming life shall make truly theirs.

Bu. their mother, with breakfast call, anon
Came forth, and their merry masque was gone,—
'Twas a beautiful sight, as, meekly still,
They sat in their joy on the cottage sill.

The sire look'd on them,—he look'd to the
skies;—

I saw how his heart spake in his eyes;
Lightly he rose, and lightly he trod,
To pour out his soul in the house of God.

And is that the man, thou vaunting knave!
Thou hast dared to compare with the weeping
slave?

Away! find one slave in the world to cope
With him, in his heart, his home and hope!

He is not on thy lands of sin and pain—
Sear'd, scarr'd with the lash, cramp'd with the
chain:

In thy burning clime where the heart is cold,
And man, like the beast, is bought and sold!

He is not in the East, in his gorgeous halls,
Where the servile crows before him falls.

Till the bow-string comes, in an hour of wrath,
And he vanishes from the tyrant's path.

But, O, thou slanderer false and vile !
Dare but to cross that garden-stile ;
Dare but to touch that lowly thatch ;—
Dare but to force that peasant's latch ;—

And thy craven soul shall wildly quake
At the thunder-peal the deed shall wake ;
For myriad tongues of fire shall sound,
As if every stone cried from the ground.

The indignant thrill like flame shall spread,
Till the isle itself rock 'neath thy tread :
And a voice from people, peer, and throne,
Ring in thine ears—"Atone ! atone !"

For Freedom here is common guest,
In princely hall, and peasant's nest ;
The palace is fill'd with her living light,
And she watches the hamlet day and night.

Then the land for me ! the land for me !
Where every living soul is free !
Where winter may come, where storms may rave,
But the tyrant dare not bring his slave !

LIBERTY.

BY GEORGE HILL.

THERE is a spirit working in the world,
Like to a silent subterranean fire ;
Yet, ever and anon, some monarch hurl'd
Aghast and pale, attests its fearful ire.
The dungeon'd nations now once more respire
The keen and stirring air of Liberty.
The struggling giant wakes, and feels he's free,
By Delphi's fountain-cave, that ancient choir
Resume their song ; the Greek astonish'd hears,
And the old altar of his worship rears.
Sound on, fair sisters ! sound your boldest lyre,—
Peal your old harmonies as from the spheres.
Unto strange gods too long we've bent the knee,
The trembling mind, too long and patiently.



LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

BY MOORE.

FROM life without freedom, say, who would not fly ?
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would not die ?
Hark !—hark ! 'tis the trumpet ! the call of the
brave,
The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.

Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste to her aid ;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.
In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.
On, on to the combat ! the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh, even if Freedom from *this* world be driven.
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.

LIBERTY PREFERRED BEFORE PATRIOTISM.

BY COWPER.

THEE I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free ;
My native nook of earth ! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine :
Thy unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art,
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.

Yet being free, I love thee : for the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But, once enslaved, farewell ! I could endure
Chains no where patiently ; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with doubled pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime ;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys blea,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere :
In scenes, which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.



THE FREE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THE wild streams leap with headlong sweep
In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep ;
All fresh and strong they foam along,
Waking the rocks with their cataract song,
My eye bears a glance like the beam on a lance,

While I watch the waters dash and dance;
I burn with glee, for I love to see
The path of any thing that's free.
The sky-lark springs with dew on his wings,
And up in the arch of heaven he sings
Trill-la, trill-la—oh, sweeter far
Than the notes that come through a golden bar.
The joyous bay of a hound at play,
The caw of a rook on its homeward way,
Oh! these shall be the music for me,
For I love the voices of the free.
The deer starts by with his antlers high,
Proudly tossing his head to the sky;
The barb runs the plain unbroke by the rein,
With steaming nostrils and flying mane;
The clouds are stirr'd by the eaglet bird,
As the flap of its swooping pinion is heard,
Oh! these shall be the creatures for me,
For my soul was formed to love the free.
The mariner brave, in his bark on the wave,
May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;
And the one whose lot is the desert spot
Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot.
The thrall and state at the palace gate
Are what my spirit has learn'd to hate.
Oh! the hills shall be a home for me,
For I'd leave a throne for the hat of the free.

HIGHLAND LIBERTY DEFENDED

BY SCOTT.

SAXON, from yonder mountain high,
I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
'These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we the savage hill we tread,
For fatten'd steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,—
"To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest."
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey!
Ay, by my soul! while on yon plain

The Saxon rears one shock of grain ;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.

'Tis vain—my tongue cannot impart
My almost drunkenness of heart,
When first this liberated eye
Survey'd earth, ocean, sun and sky,
As if my spirit pierced them through,
And all their inmost wonders knew !
One word alone can point to thee
That more than feeling—I was free !
E'en for thy presence ceased to pine :
The world—nay—heaven itself was mine !
Byron.

There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss
If death that world's bright opening be,
O who would live a slave in this !

Moore.

LIBERTY.

BY MOIR.

I mark'd her childhood on the breezy hill,
 Her bright locks floating to the morning sky ;
 Joyous she laugh'd as the wild winds sped by.
 The vision changed. As angel, calm and still
 She sat, God's book before her, "'Tis his will."
 She said, and rose, " His armour I should try ;"
 And forth she fared. Where'er she went her eye
 Kindled desire high duties to fulfil.
 The vision changed. 'Mid battle's slaughter'd
 ranks
 She raised awhile the bleeding warrior's head.
 The foeman struck again. " I give thee thanks,"
 She cried ; " Thy victim's with the glorious dead,
 The body's worthless if the soul be free."—
 'Who art thou now?'—She answered, "**Liberty.**"



Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
 Adorn but man with freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves,
 That crawl, where monarchs lead em.

Moore.

MERCY.

The quality of Mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon this place beneath; it is twice blessed
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest;—It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But Mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself

Shakespeare

Mercy.



ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

BY COLLINS.

O THOU! who sittest a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored:
Who oft, with songs, divine to hear,
Wean'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hidest in wreaths of flowers his bloodless
sword!

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By god-like chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see! with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's Genius stands,
And decks thy altar still though pierced with many
a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom e'en our joys provoke
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,

And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey :
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own ;
O maid ! for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our
monarch's throne.

HENRY VI. ON HIS LENITY.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

My meed hath got me fame,
I have not stopp'd my ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears :
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward to revenge, 'though they much erre

KINGLY CLEMENCY.

BY BYRON.

PLEASE you to hear me, Satraps !
And chiefly thou, my priest, because I doubt thee
More than the soldier, and would doubt thee all
Wert thou not half a warrior: let us part
In peace—I'll not say pardon—which must be
Earn'd by the guilty: this I'll not pronounce ye,
Although upon this breath of mine depends
Your own; and, deadlier for ye, on my fear.
But fear not—for that I am soft, and fearful—
And so live on. Were I the thing some think me
Your heads would now be dripping the last drops
Of their attainted gore from the high gates
Of this our palace, into the dry dust,
Their only portion of the coveted kingdom
They would be crown'd to reign o'er—let that pass.
As I have said, I will not *deem* ye guilty,
Nor *doom* ye guiltless. Albeit better men
Than ye or I stand ready to arraign you:
And should I leave your fate to sterner judges,
And proofs of all kinds, I might sacrifice
Two men, who, whatsoe'er they now are, were
Once honest. Ye are free, sirs,
Your swords and persons are at liberty
To use them as ye will—but from this hour
I have no call for either.

TITUS' ADDRESS TO THE JEWS.

BY MILMAN.

MEN of Jerusalem ! whose hardy zeal
And valiant patience in a cause less desperate
Might force the foe to reverence and admire ;
To you thus speaks again the Queen of Earth,
All-conqu'ring Rome ! whose kingdom is where'er
The sunshine beams on living men ; beneath
The shadow of whose throne the world reposes,
And glories in being subjected to her,
Even as 'tis subject to the immortal gods—
To you, whose mad and mutinous revolt
Hath harrow'd all your rich and pleasant land
With fiery rapine ; sunk your lofty cities
To desolate heaps of monumental ashes ;
Yet with that patience, which becomes the mighty,
The endurance of the lion, that disdains
The foe whose conquest brings no glory with it,
Rome doth command you to lay down your arms,
And bow the high front of your proud rebellion,
Even to the common level of obedience
That holds the rest of human kind. So doing,
Ye cancel all the dark and guilty past :
Silent Oblivion waits to wipe away
The record of your madness and your crimes ;
And in the stead of bloody Vengeance, claiming
Her penal due of torture, chains and death,
Comes reconciling Mercy.

HUBERT AND ARTHUR.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

Hubert. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*

Arthur. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale
to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick :
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur (*Showing a paper*)

How now, foolish rheum !

Turning dispiteous torture out of door !
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.

Arth.—Only you do lack
That mercy which fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine
eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet I am sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! an this
while

You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu :
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.



CLEMENCY SUPERIOR TO REVENGE.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

Prospero. SAY, my spirit,
 How fares the king and his followers ?

Ariel. Confined together
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
 Just as you left them, sir ; all prisoners
 In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell
 They cannot budge, till your release. The king,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brimful of sorrow, and dismay ; but chiefly
 Him you term'd, sir, " The good old lord,
 Gonzalo ; "

His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
 From eaves of reeds your charm so strongly
 works them

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Prosp. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Prosp. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.



Spider! thou need'st not run in fear about
To shun my curious eyes:
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out—
Lest thou should'st eat the flies;
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
For there is one who might
One day roast me.

Southey.

A SOLDIER'S PARDON.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Basil. I KNOW thee well, I know thou fearest
not death ;

On scaffold or in field, with dauntless breast,
Thou wilt engage him : and if thy proud soul,
In sullen obstinacy scorns all grace,
E'en be it so. But if with manly gratitude,
Thou truly canst receive a brave man's pardon,
Thou hast it freely.

Frederick. It must not be. I've been thine
enemy—

I've been unjust to thee—

Bas. I know thou hast ;

But thou art brave, and I forgive thee all.

Fred. My lord ! my general ! O, I cannot speak !
I cannot live and be the wretch I am ?

Bas. But thou canst live and be an honest man,
From error turn'd,—canst live and be my friend.

Raising Fred. from the ground.

Forbear, forbear ! see where our friends advance :

They must not think thee suing for a pardon ;

That would disgrace us both.

PATRIOTISM.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
His home the spot of earth supremely blest—
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

Mortimer

Patriotism.

PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE

INSENSIBLE to high heroic deeds,
Is there a spirit clothed in mortal weeds,
Who at the patriot's moving story,
Devoted to his country's good,
Devoted to his country's glory,
Shedding for freemen's rights his generous blood—
Listeneth not with deep heaved, high,
Quivering nerve, and glistening eye,
Feeling within a spark of heavenly flame,
That with the hero's worth may humble kindred
claim ?
If such there be, still let him plod
On the dull foggy paths of care,
Nor raise his eyes from the dank sod
To view creation fair :
What boots to him the wondrous works of God ?
His soul with brutal things hath ta'en its earthly
lair.

Oh! who so base as not to feel
The pride of freedom once enjoy'd,
Though hostile gold or hostile steel
Have long that bliss destroy'd?
The meanest drudge will sometimes vaunt
Of independent aires who bore
Names known to fame in days of yore,
Spite of the smiling stranger's taunt;
But recent freedom lost—what heart
Can bear the humbling thought—the quick'ning
 mad'ning smart?

TO ENGLAND.

BY COWPER.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines: nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers.

HOFER.*

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I WILL not kneel to yield my life ;
Behold me firmly stand,
As oft I've stood in deadly strife
For my dear father-land ;
The cause for which I long have bled,
I cherish to the last,—
God's blessing be upon it shed
When my vain life is past !

On Nature's ramparts I was born,
And o'er them walk'd elate,
My retinue the hues of dawn,
The mists my robe of state ;
I will not shame my mountain-birth,
Slaves only crouch to die,
Erect I'll take my leave of earth,
With clear and dauntless eye.

* "At the place of execution he said 'he stood before Him who created him; and standing he would yield up his spirit to Him.' A coin which had been issued during his administration, he delivered to the corporal, with the charge to bear witness, that in his last hour, he felt himself bound by every tie of constancy to his poor father-land. Then he cried 'fire!'"

Thoughts of the eagle's lofty home,
Of stars that ever shine,
The torrent's crested arch of foam,
The darkly waving pine,
The dizzy crag, eternal snow,
Echoes that wildly roll—
With valor make my bosom glow,
And wing my parting soul.

This coin will make my country's tears,
Fresh cast in Freedom's mould,
'Tis dearer to my brave compeers
Than all your despot's gold ;
O, let it bear the last farewell
Of one free mountaineer,
And bid the Tyrol peasants swell
Their songs of martial cheer !

I've met ye on a fairer field,
And seen ye tamely bow,
Think not with suppliant knee I'll yield
To craven vengeance now ;
Cut short my few and toilsome days,
Set loose a tyrant's thral',
I'll die with unaverted gaze,
And conquer as I fall.

THE GREEN HILLS OF MY FATHER- LAND.

BY LAURA M. THURSTON.

THE green hills of my father-land
In dreams still greet my view ;
see once more the wave-girt strand,
The ocean-depth of blue :
The sky, the glorious sky, outspread
Above their calm repose :
The river, o'er its rocky bed
Still singing as it flows ;
The stillness of the Sabbath hours,
When men go up to pray ;
The sun-light resting on the flowers,
The birds that sing among the bowers,
Through all the summer-day.

Land of my birth ! mine early love !
Once more thine airs I breathe !
I see thy proud hills tower above,
Thy green vales sleep beneath ;
Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring rills,
All rise before mine eyes,
The dawn of morning on thy hills,
Thy gorgeous sunset skies,

Thy forests, from whose deep recess
A thousand streams have birth
Gladdening the lonely wilderness,
And filling the green silentness
With melody and mirth,

I wonder if my home would seem
As lonely as of yore
I wonder if the mountain stream
Goes singing by the door !
And if the flowers still bloom as fair,
And if the woodbines climb,
As when I used to train them there,
In the dear olden time !
I wonder if the birds still sing
Upon the garden tree,
As sweetly as in that sweet spring
Whose golden memories gently bring
So many dreams to me !

I know that there hath been a change,
A change o'er hall and hearth !
Faces and footsteps new and strange,
About my place of birth !
The heavens above are still as bright
As in the days gone by,
But vanish'd is the beacon light
That cheer'd my morning sky !
And hill, and vale, and wooded glen,
And rock and murmuring stream,

PATRIOTISM.

That wore such glorious beauty then,
Would seem, should I return again,
The record of a dream !

I mourn not for my childhood's hours,
Since, in the far-off west,
'Neath sunnier skies, in greener bowers,
My heart hath found its rest.
I mourn not for the hills and streams
That chain'd my steps so long,
Yet still I see them in my dreams,
And hail them in my song ;
And often by the hearth-fire's blaze,
When winter eves shall come,
We'll sit and talk of other days,
And sing the well-remember'd lays
Of my green-mountain home.



Give me the death of those
Who for their country die ;
And O be mine like their repose,
When cold and low they lie !
Their loveliest mother earth
Enshrines the fallen brave ;
In her sweet lap who gave them birth,
They find their tranquil grave.

Montgomery

**DOUGLAS TO THE POPULACE OF
STIRLING.****BY SCOTT.**

HEAR, gentle friends ! ere yet, for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire ?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind ?
Oh no ! believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red ;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son ;
For me that widow's mate expires,
For me, that orphans weep their sires.
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY W. G. PARODIE.

OUR country !—'tis a glorious land !

With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore,

The proud Pacific chafes her strand,

She hears the dark Atlantic roar ;

And, nurtured on her ample breast,

How many a goodly prospect lies

In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,

Enamell'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold,

Like sunlit oceans roll afar ;

Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,

Reflecting clear each trembling star,

And mighty rivers, mountain-born,

Go sweeping onward dark and deep,

Through forests where the bounding fawn

Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled mid her clustering hills,

Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,

Where love the air with music fills ;

And calm content and peace abide ;

For plenty here her fulness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous stores,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!—
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

A YOUNG PATRIOT

BY SOUTHEY.

“How then,” exclaim'd the boy, “shall I discharge
The burthen of this happiness,—how ease
My overflowing soul!—Oh, gracious God,
Shall I behold my mother's face again,—
My father's hall,—my native hills and vales,
And hear the voices of their streams again,—
And free as I was born amid those scenes
Beloved, maintain my country's freedom there,—
Or failing in a sacred enterprise,
Die as becomes a Spaniard!”

NEW ENGLAND.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

LAND of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains rear'd aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land for ever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have link'd with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior-dream!
Oh! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love—
The stream beneath the green hill flowing—
The broad-arm'd trees above it growing—
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born;
Or mark the stranger's jaguar band
Disturb the ashes of thy dead—
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
U

And sanctified in every part,—
Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart !
Oh ! greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France ;
And streams rejoicing as they run,
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange-bough
With golden fruit is bending low :
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillar'd fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
The green luxuriant ivy climb ;
And far toward the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening, one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky,
And breezes soft as sighs of love
Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
A thousand bright-hued pinions play !
Yet unto thee, New England, still
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms.
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms ;
'Thy massy oak and mountain pine
More welcome than the banyan's shade ;

And every free, blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below !

THIS IS MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND.

BY SCOTT.

BREATHES there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.
O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way •
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek ;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.



No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
Pope.

SUPERSTITION.

Heart-chilling Superstition ! thou canst glaze
Even Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.

Coleridge.

Superstition.



ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

BY ROGERS.

I. 1.

HENCE, to the realms of Night, dire Demon, hence !
Thy chain of adamant can bind
That little world, the human mind,
And sink its noblest powers to impotence.
Wake the lion's loudest roar,
Clot his shaggy mane with gore,
With flashing fury bid his eye-balls shine ;
Meek is his savage sullen soul to thine !
Thy touch, thy deadening touch has steel'd the
 breast,
Whence through her April-shower, soft Pity
 smiled ;
Has closed the heart each godlike virtue bless'd,
To all the silent pleadings of his child.
At thy command he plants the dagger deep,
At thy command exults, though Nature bids him
 weep !

I. 2.

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth,
 Thou dartedst thy huge head from high,
 Night waved her banners o'er the sky,
 And, brooding, gave her shapeless shadows birth,
 Rocking on the billowy air,
 Ha! what withering phantoms glare
 As blows the blast with many a sudden swell,
 At each dead pause what shrill-toned voices yell,
 The sheeted spectre, rising from the tomb,
 Points to the murderer's stab, and shudders by;
 In every grove is felt a heavier gloom,
 That veils its genius from the vulgar eye:
 The spirit of the waters rides the storm,
 And, thro' the mist, reveals the terrors of his form

I. 3.

O'er solid seas, where Winter reigns,
 And holds each mountain-wave in chains,
 The fur-clad savage, ere he guides his deer
 By glistening star-light through the snow,
 Breathes softly in her wondering ear
 Each potent spell thou bad'st him know.
 By thee inspired, on India's sands,
 Full in the sun the Brahmin stands;
 And, while the panting tigress hies
 To quench her fever in the stream,
 His spirit laughs in agonies,
 Smit by the scorching of the noontide beam,
 Mark who mounts the sacred pyre,

Blooming in her bridal vest :
 She hurls the torch ! she fans the fire !
 To die is to be blest :
 She clasps her lord to part no more,
 And, sighing, sinks ! but sinks to soar.
 O'ershadowing Scotia's desert coast,
 The Sisters sail in dusky state,
 And, wrapt in clouds, in tempest tost,
 Weave the airy web of Fate ;
 While the lone shepherd, near the shipless main,
 Sees o'er her hills advance the long-drawn funeral
 train.

II. 1.

Thou spakest, and lo ! a new creation glow'd.
 Each unknown mass of living stone
 Was clad in horrors not its own,
 And at its base the trembling nations bow'd.
 Giant Error, darkly grand,
 Grasp'd the globe with iron hand.
 Circled with seats of bliss, the Lord of Light
 Saw prostrate worlds adore his golden height.
 The statue, waking with immortal powers,
 Springs from its parent earth, and shakes the
 spheres ;
 The indignant pyramid sublimely towers,
 And braves the efforts of a host of years.
 Sweet Music breathes her soul into the wind ;
 And bright-eyed Painting stamps the image of the
 mind

II. 2.

Round the rude ark old Egypt's sorcerers **rise** !

A timbrel'd anthem swells the gale,

And bids the God of Thunders hail ;

With lowings loud the captive God replies.

Clouds of incense woo thy smile,

Scaly monarch of the Nile !

But ah ! what myriads claim the bended knee !

Go, count the busy drops that swell the sea.

Proud land ! what eye can trace thy mystic lore

Lock'd up in characters as dark as night ?

What eye those long, long labyrinths dare explore,

To which the parted soul oft wings her flight ;

Again to visit her cold cell of clay,

Charm'd with perennial sweets, and **smiling** at
decay ?

II. 3.

On yon hoar summit, mildly bright

With purple ether's liquid light,

High o'er the world, the white-robed Magi **gaze**

On dazzling bursts of heavenly fire ;

Start at each blue, portentous blaze,

Each flame that flits with adverse spire.

But say, what sounds my ear invade

From Delphi's venerable shade ?

The temple rocks, the laurel waves !

"The God ! the God !" the Sibyl cries.

Her figure swells ! she foams, she raves !

Her figure swells to more than mortal **size** .

Streams of rapture roll along,
 Silver notes ascend the skies :
 Wake, Echo, wake and catch the song,
 O, catch it, ere it dies !
 The Sibyl speaks, the dream is o'er ;
 The holy harpings charm no more.
 In vain she checks the God's control ;
 His madding spirit fills her frame,
 And moulds the features of her soul,
 Breathing a prophetic flame.
 The cavern frowns ; its hundred mouths unclose !
 And, in the thunder's voice, the fate of empire
 flows !

III. 1.

Mona, thy Druid-rites awake the dead !
 Rites thy brown oaks would never dare
 Even whisper to the idle air ;
 Rites that have chain'd old Ocean on his bed.
 Shiver'd by thy piercing glance,
 Pointless falls the hero's lance.
 Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly,
 And blasts the laureate wreath of victory.
 Hark, the bard's soul inspires the vocal string !
 At every pause dread Silence hovers o'er :
 While murky Night sails round on raven-wing,
 Deepening the tempest's howl, the torrent's
 roar ;
 Chased by the morn from Snowdon's awful
 brow,

Where late she sate and scowl'd on the black
wave below.

III. 2.

Lo, steel-clad War his gorgeous standard rears !
The red-cross squadrons madly rage,
And move through infancy and age ;
Then kiss the sacred dust and melt in tears.
Veiling from the eye of day,
Penance dreams her life away ;
In cloister'd solitude she sits and sighs,
While from each shrine still, small responses rise.
Hear with what heart-felt beat the midnight
bell
Swings its long summons thro' the hollow pile !
The weak, wan votarist leaves her twilight cell,
To walk with taper dim, the winding aisle ;
With choral chantings vainly to aspire
Beyond this nether sphere, on Rapture's wing of
fire.

III. 3.

Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,
Hence with the rack and reeking wheel.
Faith lifts the soul above this little ball !
While gleams of glory open round,
And circling choirs of angels call,
Canst thou, with all thy terrors crown'd,
Hope to obscure that latent spark,
Destined to shine when suns are dark ?
Thy triumphs cease ! through every land.

Hark ! Truth proclaims, thy triumphs cease !
 Her heavenly form, with glowing hand,
 Benignly points to piety and peace.
 Flush'd with youth, her looks impart
 Each fine feeling as it flows ;
 Her voice the echo of a heart
 Pure as the mountain-snows :
 Celestial transports round her play,
 And softly, sweetly die away.
 She smiles ! and where is now the cloud
 That blacken'd o'er thy baleful reign
 Grim darkness furls his leaden shroud,
 Shrinking from her glance in vain.
 Her touch unlocks the day-spring from above,
 And lo ! it visits man with beams of light and
 love.



BERTHA'S BELIEF IN THE POWERS OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. MACLEAN.

THE wind is rising, and a yellow haze,
 Like a volcano's smoke, makes heaven less dark.
 To be more fearful. I can now discern
 Our ancient avenue of cedar trees,—
 How black they look, and with what heavy
 strength

The giant branches move!—the weary air
Like a deep breath comes from them.—Ah, how
dark!

It is the first cloud that has touch'd the moon :
Her loveliness has conquer'd,—oh, not yet!—
One huge cloud, and another. I could deem
The evil powers did war on high to night.
And are there such that o'er humanity
Hold influence,—the terrible, the wild, -
Inscrutable as fear,—the ministers
To our unholy passions! These are they
Who dazzle with unrighteous wealth, and make
Our sleep temptation; they who fill its dreams
With passionate strife and guilt, until the mind
Is grown familiar with the sight of blood.
I do believe in them:—by those strange crimes
Man's natural heart would shrink from,—by the fear
That comes with midnight,—by that awful face,
Which, though they say it was a fantasy,
I know I saw,—I do believe in them.

BRIAN'S PROPHECY.

BY SCOTT.

RODERICK ! it is a fearful strife,
 For man endow'd with mortal life,
 Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
 Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
 Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,
 'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,
 The curtain of the future world.
 Yet, witness every quaking limb,
 My sunken pulse, mine eye-balls dim,
 My soul with harrowing anguish torn,
 This for my chieftain have I borne !—
 The shapes that sought my fearful couch,
 A human tongue may ne'er avouch ;
 No mortal man, save he, who, bred
 Between the living and the dead,
 Is gifted beyond nature's law,
 Had e'er survived to say he saw.
 At length the fateful answer came,
 In characters of living flame !
 Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
 But borne and branded on my soul ;
 WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
 THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE.

MIDNIGHT IMAGININGS.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

It wears, methinks, upon the midnight hour.
It is a dark and fearful night : the moon
Is wrapp'd in sable clouds : the chill blast sounds
Like dismal lamentations. Ay, who knows
What voices mix with the dark midnight winds !
Nay, as I pass'd that yawning cavern's mouth,
A whispering sound, unearthly, reach'd my ear,
And o'er my head a chilly coldness crept.
Are there not wicked fiends and damned sprites,
Whom yawning charnels, and th' unfathom'd
depths
Of secret darkness, at this fearful hour,
Do upwards send, to watch, unseen, around
The murderer's death-bed, at his fatal term,
Ready to hail with dire and horrid welcome,
Their future mate ?—I do believe there are.

THE END.